

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,866 Vol. 110.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK . . .	409	MIDDLE ARTICLES :		CORRESPONDENCE (<i>continued</i>) :	
LEADING ARTICLES :		The Roman Roads in Picardy. By		Mr. Lloyd George and the Dragon.	
Trade and the Tariff . . .	412	H Belloc M.P.	417	By Desmond Young and another .	423
German Socialism at the Cross Roads .	413	The Waggon and the Boat . . .	418	Dante's Tomb at Ravenna. By	
Military Free Trade	414	Off to Philadelphia. By Malleus .	419	Algernon Warren	424
Newspaper Placards	415	The Mind of Turner. By Laurence		REVIEWS :	
THE CITY	416	Binyon	420	Pagan Gods and Christian Saints .	424
SPECIAL ARTICLE :		The Bath. By a Wayfarer . . .	422	A Military Scapegoat	425
Licensed Premises and the Finance		CORRESPONDENCE :		Beasts of Reason	426
Act—I. By a Rating Surveyor .	416	Consols and Capital. By C. J.		Mr. Hewlett's Trilogy	427
		Anderson	423	The Pottery Connoisseur . . .	428
		"Not Known." By Ernest Russ .	423	NOVELS	428
				SHORTER NOTICES	430

We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Liberal press is making merry about the "split" in the Conservative party over payment of members, Mr. Arthur Lee and the "Times" and the "Telegraph" being ranged on one side as antis and Mr. F. E. Smith, the "Standard", and the "Morning Post" on the other side as pros; and the idea is that the two sets will presently collide like astral bodies broken loose, and there will be an end of this wicked Conservative world. Yes, but even if these two should prove, like Charlotte Corday and her victim, "mutually destructive", it does not ensue that the Liberal party is going to live happily ever after. There are, as it happens, pros and antis among the Liberals too just now. One set is made up of those who mean to cave in to the Labour party over the Osborne judgment; and there is another set, smaller in number perhaps but livelier in conscience, that says (now) it will not cave in, and can only offer the Labour members the old item of the Newcastle programme—payment of members.

Conscience will probably go to the wall in the end—its usual place in the politics of this world—but meanwhile we fancy there are some quiet tears just now mixed up with the loud Liberal laughter. Those Liberals who are getting ready to go with Labour where Labour leads are the whole-hoggers, the other lot being made up of little-piggers. But it must be said there are some little-piggers in the matter of pay on the Unionist side too. The "Daily Mail" will no more hear of paying all members of Parliament than will the "Times", but suggests this way out: Any member, after his election, may go round to the Treasury and make a declaration that he can't stand the cost of parliamentary life. Whereupon the Treasury shall come to his aid—out of the new land taxes, we suppose.

In fact, the man who can't afford the luxury of belonging to "the best club in London" need only apply

to the State in forma pauperis and the State will pay his entrance fee and subscription for him. It might be a capital plan—but alas! what man ever yet admitted he could stand the expense of a parliamentary life?

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in praising his land taxes, did so at Limehouse and elsewhere, as he would himself admit, in profane language. It has been left to Mr. Ure to discover that, actually, the taxes are Divine. He argued—at Gladstone Park, Dollis Hill, appropriately enough—that it was right and wise to tax the land because the land was created not by man but by God. It is a new doctrine that what God makes man should tax. Would it be "just and wise", then, to put a heavy tax on bread and beef and bacon? or, if Mr. Ure object that these are made by man, would it be just and wise to put a heavy tax on wheat and ox and swine?

Mr. Ure has more to say about what he styles "God's earth". He, a member of the Government, is "keen that the valuation should be made for another and a greater purpose" even than the present purpose of the Budget; some day the whole rate and the whole tax is to be placed simply upon "the basis of the value of the land". Then at last the land will be "Free"! The great monopoly will be broken down—and we suppose the people will just go in and take the land and farm it. "So the wealth of the whole community will be vastly increased." We notice that though Mr. Ure's appeal is largely to the Gods, he does not lose sight of wealth and earthy consideration. The prayer which Socrates offered to Pan when he rose from the shade of the plane tree would not quite fit the Lord Advocate.

The more one thinks about the application of the new land taxes to Ireland, the more suspicious one grows. If this is not an electioneering dodge—why, there surely never was one. How can we in this country thank goodness that we are free from the political corruption of the Bosses when our Government is tricking out its Finance Acts with an eye to the Irish vote? Everybody knows that when the Irish peasants and farmers get their Form Four there will be a great row; everybody knows that Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy will give the signal for revolt when at length it is served

on the peasants and farmers; and that then there will be "the devil to pay".

Can the veriest simpleton doubt there has been artful scheming behind the inaction of the Government in putting off serving Form Four on the peasants and farmers to the last possible moment? There is no question of thirty days in Ireland! The nasty dose is to be administered in dribblets. Dublin and Belfast and Cork, it seems, are to have a taste—at length—to start with; later the districts just round the cities; still later the little towns; last of all the peasants and small farmers in the country districts; and, at the present rate of progress, it is quite likely these peasants and farmers will not have their dose till after the next election. This obvious dodge ought to be made known to all the small farmers in England as well as in Ireland. The local Conservative press would do a service by quoting Mr. Butcher's letters in the "Times", and also these paragraphs.

Mr. Walter Long's decision to sell his Wiltshire estates must be reckoned a Radical triumph. It may be the policy, we believe it is, of a certain number of the more moderate members of that party to keep the large landowners on the land and to fleece them there. Robespierre seems to have had some such plan as to rich men: fleece them—but not quite to death. However, the real Radical plan as to the landowner is fleece and flay. Hence when Mr. Long and Lord Onslow and others are forced to give up their estates, the Radicals naturally feel they are scoring heavily. We believe that if the Conservative leaders can see their way to announce that the land taxes will be repealed when the Unionists come to office, these Radical triumphs will at once grow rarer.

The "Standard" did well to be at Whitefield's Tabernacle on Sunday. Mr. Horne was expected to show his people why the Tabernacle should not be rated like any other public hall run at a profit. He preferred to liken himself to the ancient martyrs. Of course the new martyr was better off than the old. Mr. Horne admitted that. "They cannot hang us to-day—they can only rate us." But Mr. Horne was not afraid; and, whatever happened, the "platform" at Whitefield's Tabernacle should remain free. We know the freedom. It is the freedom of the pulpiteer to fix damnation upon brethren who vote the wrong way. The chapel bully knows his power, and knows too how to use it. At Whitefield's, of course, he is less successful than in the village where the chapel is the centre of discipline and the heart of life. But he does all he can at Whitefield's.

Mr. Stead was on the "platform" with Mr. Horne. The tyranny of a feudal and capitalist aristocracy being what it was, Mr. Horne wondered how Mr. Stead had escaped hanging. Mr. Stead replied with supreme wit that "while there was life there was hope". Afterwards a hymn was sung, "These things shall be"; but the point was not intended. The hymn seems to have referred back to Mr. Horne's peroration: "I believe our day is coming. I believe the day is coming for England, and that she is now beginning to awaken. For God goes marching on". The net profit on the proceedings was £10.

Strong evidence in favour of the scientific tariff has been provided by the various deputations to Germany organised by the Tariff Reform League. It was a happy idea to call on the Free Trade working man to see for himself how grossly industrial conditions in Germany have been maligned. Whatever troubles industrially Germany may be going through, it has been shown, as Lord Ridley says, that Protection has not brought misery and destitution to the German worker. The more the open-minded Free Trader sees of Germany, the more surely will that lesson be driven home. Why indeed should Germany, sane enough in other directions, as Mr. F. E. Smith asks, be affected with imbecility on the economic side? Protection has given Germany prosperity, and one member

of the ninth deputation, just returned, says that there is more misery among the ten thousand people in his native town than in the whole of Berlin. How does the Free Trader account for that?

Lord Balfour of Burleigh and his fellow Commissioners have been businesslike in their inquiry into and prompt in making their report on the trade relations of Canada and the West Indies. They pay tribute to the value of preference, and suggest its extension as a way out of the colonial difficulty. The Canadian market, especially since America gave special rights to Porto Rico, the Philippines and Cuba, and the surtax killed German imports, has become vital to West Indian prosperity. But Canada finds the preferential arrangement one-sided and wants preference in the West Indies. The Commissioners—who cannot be charged with Tariff Reform bias—suggest that the parties should be free to impose what duties they like, whilst giving each other a 20 per cent. preference, such preference to apply to Great Britain. The proposal will cause wry faces among Imperial Ministers. How long will it be before Canada finds the arrangement with the mother country one-sided also and applies the moral of this West Indian report?

It is a cunning move of the Executive of the Labour party just now to "eliminate from the constitution of the party certain conditions, including the signing of the constitution". Such an innocent, casual kind of decision; one might think it had nothing to do with the famous Osborne judgment which has put Mr. Asquith into such a dilemma! Mr. Ramsay Macdonald would have us believe that the Osborne judgment has nothing to do with the decision. It is only a coincidence that it is taken just now when palpably it is wonderfully convenient for the Liberals, whether they decide to repeal the judgment or to go for payment of members.

Nobody can of course credit the supposed previous intention of relieving trade-union members of Parliament from signing the constitution. If the Labour Party Executive had given way before the judgment there would have been no difficulty. The older trade unionists, non-Socialists, as the miners mostly are who recently joined the party, objected to signing, not to the levies. But the Executive would make no concession, and hence Mr. Osborne appeared on the scene. Not till then did they remove the cause of offence. Perhaps they may mollify them as they are aiming at doing, and the levies may come in voluntarily. This will ease matters in the meantime until it is seen what the Government is going to do.

The labour troubles in Lancashire and the North do not mend; nor are they appreciably worse. The position is most serious, at the moment, in Lancashire, where the general lock-out of the card-room workers is due to take effect on Monday. Only last Saturday it looked as if peace were assured. On Monday things were as bad as ever. Half a million wage-earners will be affected; and the whole trouble is, apparently, the result of one man's refusal to clean a piece of machinery. It is absurd to suppose that by putting right the trivial grievances that set these troubles afoot any permanent good will be effected. The labour world is out of joint.

The baffling way in which the position changes from day to day is shown by what has happened to some of the cotton employers. They were so sure, a week ago, that the trouble was over that some of them took down the lock-out notices; others did not think it worth while to post them up. As a result of this the general lock-out on Monday will not be very impressive. Notices must be posted again to-day, and on Monday many of the mills will still be running. The employers who took down their notices could hardly have done so when news came of the men's determination to fight on.

The riot in Berlin has been stamped successfully out. Whatever the merits in cases of this sort they may not be discussed till order has been restored. Governments

are of a family here, and must stand together. It is idle when the mob is out to ask whether the police are ruder than need be in keeping it under. Mistakes will be made—it is inevitable; but the time for inquiry is not yet. For sister Governments it is enough that the Prussian authorities have had an ugly situation to deal with; and that, for good or ill, they have been equal to dealing with it. We ourselves need only recall the Gordon riots to realise how unaccountable and swift in its action the mob will be when once the authorities have shown the least hesitation in meeting it.

Street fighting has tried the nerves of the best soldiers. The enemy is in hiding and can get easily away. It is not a clear, honest battle of give and take. There is always a certain amount of hysteria on both sides. If the police lost their heads in dealing with the mob in Moabit it was not to be wondered at. The mistake—a mistake responsible for more trouble than the German or the French Governments is aware of—is to arm the policeman with the weapons of a soldier. In dealing with a mob primitively armed the truncheon is more effective than steel. A rudimentary sense of fair play is always there to keep the crowd from losing all control of itself.

Was this riot the act of a hundred and fourteen strikers? The strike trouble has already lasted for two months, and now threatens to include the miners. Moreover, the employers are returning to their proposal of a sympathetic lock-out in the metal trade. Some say the agitation is purely political—the work of Socialist agitation; but the attempt to make the Social Democratic party entirely responsible has not succeeded. The teaching of this party predisposes the discontented to be violent; and the sudden furious and concerted action of the rioters seems to show that the professional agitator was at the back of it. The outbreak was dangerous, as any conflagration is dangerous when once it gets out of hand. The locality was everything—Moabit, where the people live in extreme poverty and have nothing at all to lose.

But Moabit is not Berlin, and we need not exaggerate the importance of what has happened. Suppose the London police were armed with swords and revolvers, and suppose they had for the moment lost the tact and firmness which is the peculiar gift of our police in dealing with a crowd. There is a strike at the docks and blacklegs are taking the back out of it. Trouble would soon be afoot. An odd hundred of the rioters and not a few who were looking on would shortly be out of the fight. But Ealing and Richmond would hear of it in the morning; and, perhaps, the evening papers would sell rather rapidly at Charing Cross. The picture of Berlin—a picture which might easily be inferred from some of the accounts we have seen—barricaded at every turn, in a state of siege, with camp fires in the forum after Sulla, is of course entirely out of drawing.

Nothing is decided yet as to the Turkish loan. France stands firmly to her conditions, and has quite recovered her alarm at the foolish rumours about Sir Ernest Cassel. It has been suggested that, failing other sources, the money might somehow be raised in Germany. That game might be played once, but it could not possibly be played again. The German Empire is not a great lending community like France or England, and what it lends it lends at home. Policy may possibly induce Berlin to find five millions now, but not another and another five, as will be necessary if the ambitious dreams of Young Turkey are to be realised.

Mr. Roosevelt has frazzled the Republican bosses, as he said he would. The New York State Convention has deposed Mr. Sherman, and the Republicans who will not reform themselves are harder hit than ever. It is Mr. Roosevelt's Convention. Crooked play with the tariff and corruption in the State—all that is to be changed. The Insurgents, for whom Mr. Taft is too slow and Mr. Roosevelt not yet fast enough, are in high fettle. But the question is this—Has Mr.

Roosevelt broken the old Republicans simply in order to let the Democrats in? His task is not an easy one. The Republican Progressives in breaking the corrupt old Republican risk a fall with the corrupt old Democrat. So far Mr. Roosevelt has been high and broad and moral. Now is the turn for the dexterous politician.

What really is Mr. Roosevelt's plan? Probably he himself is not quite clear about it as yet. The impulse to be there—in the middle of things—has taken him back into the thick of party politics with a tremendous rush; and, of course, his instinct for the successful thing, and the magniloquently righteous thing, led him immediately to head the insurgent movement against the corrupt old Republican order. Now he is there he will have to look about him and think it out. Will he be able to pull the party together, and to rally it to the call of the "new nationalism"? And if he does this, will he do it as lieutenant of Mr. Taft, or for himself? One thing is certain—Mr. Taft will not be able to do it for himself. If Mr. Taft is next President, it will be Mr. Roosevelt's victory.

Cambridge, the beautiful Undine among Universities, has after half a century been revisited in the Long Vacation by a forgotten soul—the ghostly deliberations of the Church Congress. Not that she always gave herself, as Leslie Stephen affirms, with placid serenity to Greek iambics and the differential calculus; for Cambridge was very much in trouble about her soul in the Tudor period. Her ferocious marprelatism was strangely succeeded by the Herbert and Crashaw school of elegant poetic sanctity; this, again, by a mystical company of broadchurch Platonists. Moreover it was the ecclesiological share of Cambridge in the Church revival—Oxford supplied the letterpress and she the illustrations—which caused the first Church Congress of 1861 to be held there.

Of all kinds of congregiency we think the ecclesiastical kind is the least fruitful. All that can be said for it is that it airs and advertises problems which nevertheless can only be really solved by students and saints. The Church ought to be above cheap democratic methods. Given those methods, however, we admit there is something impressive in four thousand people, including an overflow meeting, listening intently to long papers on apocalyptic Christianity. The Archbishop of York, an incisive rather than profound leader of opinion, repeated in his opening sermon what he has said before about the direct conflict between the civil and the ecclesiastical marriage laws, and declared that if Parliament or the Courts attempt to dictate to the Church the terms on which she is to admit persons to communion, she would forfeit her self-respect if she complied.

This is a record year for new judges. When the Courts meet on the 12th at least four judges will be on the Bench for the first time. Only a week ago Mr. Justice Eldon Bankes was appointed. On Thursday Mr. Charles Montague Lush K.C. was announced as the successor of Mr. Justice Jelf, who has resigned on account of failing health. We have not exhausted the possible changes either. It is still almost a fortnight to the sittings; and there are certainly several judges whose retirement either for age or health would not be unexpected. The choice of Mr. Lush goes well with that of Mr. Eldon Bankes as one with which politics has had nothing to do. He is indeed less of a politician than Mr. Eldon Bankes, and is only known as a very able lawyer with one of the largest common law practices in the Courts. Lush's "Practice" was a well-known book to the generation prior to the Judicature Acts; and its author, Lord Justice Lush, was the father of the new judge. The three judges Ivory, Bankes and Lush carry on a legal tradition; Mr. Justice Horridge alone represents a tradition of politics which seems to be dying out.

One feature was lacking in the annual provincial meeting of the Law Society held in Bristol. Mr. Lloyd George is a member of the society but he was not

present. He would have heard many things useful, but not very pleasant, as to what solicitors think of the "simplicity" of the land taxes. They anticipate any amount of litigation. As one way of mitigating the hardship the President in his address suggested that the Court ought to have the discretion to order costs to be paid by the Commissioners. The Vice-President thought it might be possible "if they acted in a wise and prudent spirit" to get some of the objectionable features altered and its hardships mitigated. Another of the speakers said they must "wait and see"; they were traversing a jungle. He however dropped one crumb of comfort. He did not believe that the judges would deprive owners of deductions for not sending in claims within the time laid down by the Inland Revenue. The general opinion was that the forms should be filled up as accurately as they can be; but that in many cases the only answer possible was "Impossible to estimate; it depends upon who wants to buy it when I want to sell it".

Flying has almost ceased to be wonderful. To be talked about the airman must do more than fly. To cross the Channel is a feat already dulled by repetition. To fly twenty miles and carry a passenger—even a lady passenger—is to attract little attention nowadays. Nor is it of any use to win £10,000, or to fly from Great Britain to Ireland. These things are not new. Even when the last due is paid and the airman has perished of his craft—well, the roll is too full. It is the common lot, and the new name is soon forgotten. To do now the incredible thing of yesterday is to be one of a crowd.

But there were still the Alps. The man who flew over the Alps was sure of a memory. The Alps have always bulked large in the popular imagination—not perhaps in the British imagination, but certainly in the imagination of Europe. To fly over the Alps was once more to do the incredible thing. The people who watched it wept without disguise. Really, too, it was a splendid feat of airmanship, marred only by the mistake at the end for which M. Chavez paid with his life. M. Chavez died, famous at twenty-three, with men about him who chattered of Hannibal and Napoleon.

What is the better way to a sure reputation for genius? One way might be to write a play and have it rejected by every theatrical manager in London; another way certainly is to write a play and have it rejected by the Censor. Probably to be rejected by the Censor is the surer. True, the very fact that a manager has accepted your play tells against you, as managers have to cater for the public and their own pockets; but on the other hand how great a thing it is to be flung out by the Censor! Does it not suggest that your play is high above the head of the herd, perhaps that it is Monna Vanna—anyhow that it is all against the stupid proprieties? Let us by all means all set to work to write a play which the Censor will refuse.

Such a reflection is suggested by the correspondence about Mr. Housman. He too, like so many others of late, has written a play and had it rejected by the Censor. Mr. Housman, however, has already a reputation. We know him as a writer pleasant and distinctive. But we doubt whether all this lashing indignation of people who submit their plays and have them refused is quite useful or dignified. Many authors have their good books refused by publisher after publisher; would they do good public service by writing to the press about their woes and injustices?

No doubt the Censor passes many plays that are not nearly so good as anything that Mr. Housman writes is likely to be, for Mr. Housman has the way and taste for literature. Still, it is imaginable that as George IV. was a Hanoverian King, and as our Royal Family is Hanoverian to-day, it must be unusual to license a play dealing rather freely with incidents about George IV. Mr. Housmann says it is the same as if the Censor in Queen Elizabeth's reign had refused "Richard III." We somewhat question this analogy though. Richard was supposed to be an usurper—George IV. was at any rate not that.

TRADE AND THE TARIFF.

TWO years ago when trade was bad, exports declining, unemployment high, and pauperism increasing, Free Traders were at great pains to explain that these things should by no means be associated with the fiscal policy of this country. It was urged that, compared with the state of affairs of a generation ago, there was evidence of economic progress and social uplifting, and it was therefore absurd to suppose that the temporary depression of a year or two could outweigh the testimony of thirty or sixty years. This year, however, there has been some return of prosperity in our foreign trade—exports have increased, pauperism and unemployment have diminished—and at once Free Trade journals and orators have abandoned all their thirty-year tests and jubilantly prove the greatness of Free Trade by contrasting the boom of this year with the poverty of two years ago. As a type of this kind of controversialist may be mentioned Lord Eversley, who in the "Westminster Gazette" grieves over "the passing of the Tariff Commission" because of "the expansion of our export trade in every one of the industries inquired into" by that body!

Not that we shall pretend that Free Traders are alone guilty of this fallacy. The purely opportunist argument is always a favourite on the platform. Speakers are eager to be up to date, to illustrate their principles by the most recent tendencies, and they are always ready to distort the plain meaning of facts to support a principle to which they are altogether unrelated. It is true that both in quantity and volume our foreign trade is larger now than a few years ago, and it may even be true that employment is better and poverty less. But how can this evidence have any bearing on what is, after all, the fundamental position of the advocates for a fiscal change, that the tendencies of British trade in the last twenty or thirty years show the presence of a movement distinctly adverse to the best interests of the country and the Empire?

What are the tests which the sanest of our Tariff Reformers apply to our foreign trade in support of their cause? We may mention three. The first is that, despite the greater volume of our foreign trade, the volume of employment tends to diminish. The second is that, although the exports of British produce are larger than ever they were, the character of the employment engaged in the production of these exports tends to a lower degree of skill. The third is that the course of the trade of the Empire is such that the self-governing dominions are growing increasingly dependent on foreign countries for the disposal of their products and the purchase of their supplies. Clearly it is only possible to discover these tendencies, if they exist, by the examination of the returns over a long period of years.

Tracing these movements through the labyrinths of trade statistics the student is faced with many difficulties. During the past thirty years, to take a period quite long enough for the argument, many causes have served to increase largely the volume of our foreign trade. In this period ocean transport has been completely revolutionised, postal and telegraph facilities have been enormously enhanced and cheapened, scientific discoveries and inventions have been numerous and important. These have had the obvious consequence of increasing foreign trade by bringing new products within our reach. These causes however, as well as their consequences, are certainly unrelated to fiscal policy; and in countries whose fiscal systems are totally different the same influences have operated with the same results. In Germany, France, the United States, for example, there has been under their highly protective systems enormous expansion of foreign trade. The Tariff Reformer who takes his stand on the fact that in those countries the increase of foreign trade has been larger and the growth more rapid than in this country draws attention to a circumstance which can only be explained by varying fiscal conditions abroad. It is, in fact, only by contrasting the progress

of Free Trade and of Protectionist countries that the respective merits of the two systems can be compared. When the comparison is made our present fiscal system is seen as a brake on our actual progress.

The large majority of Free Traders appear to regard every increase in our export trade as an addition to the employment of our working classes. They believe this even though they refuse to acknowledge that every addition to our imports must correspondingly diminish employment. Here again the truth is not to be inferred from these simple facts. Additions to the volume of exports are in general the product of an increased number of workmen engaged in export trade. It by no means follows that, because the proportion of our workers depending for their livelihood on foreign trade is increasing, the condition of the remainder and of the country as a whole is equally satisfactory. The fact that only one-fifth to one-fourth of the working effort of this country is employed in producing goods for export puts completely out of court the contention that a large increase in foreign trade means a larger total output by the working classes of this country.

There is another objection which may be safely urged against these particular figures. Formerly when a machine was exported, the coal, iron and other materials employed were almost entirely derived from home sources, the product of British labour. A machine valued at £1000 paid, probably, from first to last at least £900 to British workmen. Now the steel may be imported, the forgings are probably German, the brass is probably American, the machine tools used in building the machine are probably of transatlantic origin; with the result that of the £1000 it may be that not more than £100 or £200 represents the value accruing to British labour. Yet the Free Trade argument would place these two cases on precisely the same footing. According to the Free Trader there has been no change to the detriment of our country and its industries. Investigations again demonstrate that in the case of our chief foreign competitors the same conditions do not prevail. Articles giving employment to the highest artisan skill represent an increasing proportion of their total exports, whereas in our own case this proportion grows steadily less.

Some controversialists appear to imagine that one extreme of absurdity is completely exposed by asserting the opposite extreme of absurdity. The progress of Tariff Reform is impossible and hopeless so long as our leaders, speakers, and writers take this line. After all it must not be forgotten that nearly the whole of our present thinking population has grown up in unquestioning belief in our fiscal system. Bishop Berkeley says rightly that with the unthinking that is true with which they are familiar. According to this test Free Trade is truth absolute. If Tariff Reformers are ever to be successful the question must be discussed broadly and discreetly. Opportunist arguments merely hurt the cause they are supposed to advance.

GERMAN SOCIALISM AT THE CROSS ROADS.

IT is a pity that the Socialists do not take themselves a little more seriously. Even in pantomime the boisterous humours of the harlequinade are put off till the end. But the German Socialist Congress at Magdeburg opened with a speech by Mr. Keir Hardie, and even from this level succeeded in working up to a climax of farce. One midnight the South German Socialists walked melodramatically out of the hall in a pet; next morning they quietly came back again. No doubt *amantium iræ amoris redintegratio*, but it is not politics; a party whose members cannon together like the atoms tumbling through the void conveys no suggestion of political force.

And yet the German Social Democracy is a force, and its annual congress is watched with the utmost care by the governing bureaucracy. A bureaucrat is bound to make himself unpopular; that is a part of his duty. The German bureaucrats have lifted up the

German people from the insignificance of fifty years ago to their present splendid place in the sun. But the people have not liked the process, and the intelligent bureaucrat is always a little afraid of spoiling his work by going too fast. It was apparently Bismarck's intention to make the Reichstag a valve through which political grievances might escape. When the pressure through this valve became very great, the Government would stop and explain, and give the people a little rest. But the Reichstag has not answered expectations. It has become a place where the Government can deal with various interests, but where it rarely hears the voice of the average citizen. The German who has been upset by too much administrative zeal joins the Reds. Smarting under not very definite grievances, he votes for a revolutionary with whose sentiments he does not really agree, simply to give the Government a bad time. There are thus elected to the Reichstag a number of deputies who behave rudely to everybody, the Emperor downwards, but who do not in the least help the Government to find out what precisely is wrong. The Congress, however, includes Socialists of a less rhetorical type whose work in the Landtags or on municipal bodies brings them into close touch with administrative problems, and whose views, often very moderately expressed, deserve and receive careful attention. It is not an accident that the Imperial Chancellor issued a forecast of his next election campaign just before the Congress assembled. By getting criticism focussed on the outlines of an actual programme, he doubtless hoped to see what modifications of policy were essential to gain that general approval of the community which even the German Government finds essential. The Congress, however, approached the whole question in another way. The Socialist party is Prussian in its origin and Prussian in its present control. It was founded among men who knew that the Prussian franchise excluded them from all voice in public affairs, and whose only possible aim could be a complete change in the constitutional system. This doctrine of uncompromising opposition was carried from Prussia into Imperial politics, although manhood suffrage secured parliamentary representation, and although the lapse of the Anti-Socialist law twenty years back allowed Socialists to proclaim their views with tolerable freedom. Thus was established the first paradox of German Socialism. The men who naturally clamoured for revolutionary change in the Prussia in whose government they had no voice were elected to the Reichstag, there to repeat, as it were by instinct, their inapplicable formulæ of agitation. The second paradox lay in the approval of this attitude by the Germans of the South, where French influence had produced some approach to democratic politics. But the South German's sounder political instincts have been swamped by his fear of the Prussianisation of the Empire. The Socialists would have no truck with Prussian methods, and were consequently the very men to enlist South German support.

People who want a revolution must, however, walk very circumspectly if they wish to remain in alliance with people who simply dislike the Prussians. The Socialist party has gained much of late through the unpopularity of the Government, but not all its gains have maintained its cohesion. For some time there have been signs of a reaction against Marxism with its obsolete theory of interest and its impossible figment of labour-time. The orthodox are out to defend the doctrine on which their whole propaganda rests. Taking the offensive, they condemn the general behaviour of the Socialists in the Southern Landtags, and have just selected for censure the behaviour of the Baden comrades in carrying a bourgeois Budget, which would have been lost without their assistance, just because it embodied the doctrine of progressive taxation. This division of opinion has been brought to a head by the prospect of a Reichstag capable of supplying a majority to the left of the centre. That majority would consist of a bloc of Liberals, Radicals, and Socialists. Form it, say the Southerners, and

influence policy as we do in our own States. Do not lose your chance by devotion to a worn-out theory. No, reply the orthodox, the basis of our party is opposition to capitalism. Once join hands with the capitalists and we simply become a faction, a working-class faction if you will, but only a faction and not the party of the discontented.

On the decision reached in this dilemma depends the whole future of Germany. A bureaucracy may be controlled or worked by a constitutional Opposition; faced by revolution, it must either crush or be crushed. Herr Bebel, the leader of the party, is an old man, for whom the issue is too grave. His speech, which was really a splendid piece of oratory, was an effort to put back the hands of the clock. As a Marxian he disapproved of the Baden vote. But the main thing was to achieve unity until the next election was over at any rate. Let things be as they were. Let both sections oppose the Government as in the past, without raising any fundamental questions. For the moment the speech succeeded. Later, in Herr Bebel's absence, a delegate carried a motion that Revisionism should involve expulsion from the party, whereupon the South Germans left the hall.

The split has been greeted by the bourgeois press with unjustifiable rejoicings. It is not so easy to break up the Socialist party. Any member of it can only be expelled by the local organisation, and the men who have elected such a Revisionist as Dr. Franck are, of course, Revisionists themselves. At worst Marxians may be expelled in the South and Revisionists in the North, but the party can only visibly break up if the Revisionists are finally excluded from the next Congress. Nor is there good ground for the belief that the recently demonstrated strength of the heresy will weaken the general position of Socialism as the one real Opposition in the Empire, and thus strengthen the hands of the Radicals. Despite last week's squabble, a Socialist has just been elected at Frankfort on the Oder. He could have been beaten had the whole "Constitutional" vote been polled against him. But Marxian has more in common with Revisionist than has Agrarian with Industrialist, and it is chiefly owing to Conservative abstainers that the Socialist candidate just scraped through.

It is perhaps even fair to say that the split will add to the party's strength at the next election. The average voter knows now that German Socialism is not necessarily synonymous with revolution, and is all the less likely to regard official cries of "Wolf!" Moreover, the total number of possible Socialist victories is much more limited than recent bye-elections would suggest. Not many seats are to be won from the Centre; and if the Conservatives will suffer, that is only because they were disproportionately successful at the last election. It is only in constituencies now represented by Liberals and Radicals that the Socialists stand a real chance, and it is their good fortune that most of the bye-elections have occurred in such districts. Yet should they gain as many as seventy seats next year from the other parties of the Left—a most generous estimate—they would not form a third of the entire House. Such a party can never be a very dangerous menace to society; it is no menace at all when perhaps a third of its members are Revisionists.

As far as the next elections are concerned, then, the quarrel at Magdeburg has done the Socialists no harm, and may very well have done them some good. But the matter is more important in its bearing on the remoter future of the party. Should it commit itself definitely to revolution it is lost. Force from above and the absence of backing from below will combine to ruin it. Prince Bülow opposed Socialism as a theory in 1906 and robbed the party of half its seats. The theory remains discredited; but the party has recovered lost ground through its opposition to the Government's financial policy. Prussian Socialism, again, has never attracted much attention until this year, when a half-hearted Government measure enabled it to launch an agitation for a drastic reform of the Prussian franchise.

Socialism, in fact, has shown itself strongest when it voices a definite grievance, and weakest when it relies on its theory. It cannot prevail if it definitely refuses to use its political power to remove the immediate evils against which it agitates. More especially must its future lie in Parliament when an appeal to force would deliver it over to such a destructive machine as the German Army. For these reasons, and most of all because of that disciplined patriotism which marks the German character, Revisionism, long dominant in the South, is gaining ground in Prussia itself. Its adherents include most of the able young men in the party. But time is needed to secure its triumph, and a reckless attempt at a revolt by the Marxians would ruin its prospects for ever.

MILITARY FREE TRADE.

WHILST other nations take great pains and spend large sums of money on the organisation of a secret service, we take little interest in such matters. Our policy in this is free trade for the foreigner. For several reasons this is a very natural standpoint. Anything in the nature of espionage is repugnant to the feelings of most Englishmen; whilst so drastic and searching is parliamentary control over expenditure in this country that, if ever a considerable sum were proposed in the House of Commons for a secret service force, there would at once be a clamour for details to be divulged. This, of course, would nullify any good results which might perhaps have been achieved. We have heard much of this subject of late. But it is probable that the average Englishman has never given it a serious thought. Broadly speaking, our policy has always been to discourage any enterprise of this nature on the part of our officers. When they go abroad they are instructed to report themselves to a British military attaché if they contemplate spending a few weeks in a foreign country, which of course has the effect of making them at once official personages, and renders it virtually impossible for them to gain any useful information.

The policy of Germany and other nations is exactly the opposite; officers when on leave, and even civilians, are encouraged in every possible way to keep their eyes open and render to their Governments any information concerning foreign countries which might be of some use. On the other hand, if we adopted thus late in the day a different system, it is doubtful whether any very effective results would be achieved, because in most foreign countries an extremely sharp look-out is kept on strangers, and their opportunities of finding out any secrets are very limited indeed. With us, on the contrary, it is easy for a foreigner to visit forts and dockyards; and it is probable that by now we have few secrets which are not well known to all the War Offices of Europe. Moreover, it can hardly be said, except perhaps in the matter of shipbuilding, that we are in advance of any other nation just now. In aviation we are terribly behind, as also in small-arms manufacture; and, although it is possible that our guns and howitzers may be exceptionally good, no particular secret is made about them. Indeed, generally speaking, it is almost easier for a foreigner, through the medium of his Embassy, to see things than it is for a British subject to do so. What regulations we have are mostly antiquated and ineffective. Thus we heard recently of the case of a British officer of an artistic turn of mind who, whilst sitting in front of so peaceful a place as Greenwich Hospital, wished to make a sketch of some boats on the Thames. He had hardly begun to do so, however, when a policeman told him to move on. It is probable, from what one continually hears, that these islands contain a host of official and private secret service agents of foreign Governments. But, granting that all information as regards forts, guns, and harbours is already in the possession of our neighbours, it might be of some use to them to obtain information as to the amount of supplies, horses and transport

available here. This knowledge, no doubt, is being perfected; and, although the changing nature of such supplies renders it difficult for any very authoritative data to be obtained, some useful information might no doubt be forthcoming. Generally speaking, it is possible that too much may have been made of this subject in the press and elsewhere. But we must remember that the very admirably organised secret service of Prussia aided matters most effectually both in the Austro-Prussian and Franco-German Wars. There is reason to suppose that this work is as well done at the present day. Moreover, in Germany and other countries, prying into the affairs of foreign nations is not looked down upon as it is with us, but is regarded as a high patriotic duty. Indeed in other countries the system of espionage has been brought to a fine art, and is practised extensively, not only as regards foreign nations but in their own affairs. Another notorious example of organised espionage is the case of the Japanese on the North American continent. The West Coast is their especial concern, and both in Canada and the United States a vast number of Japanese agents, filling all sorts of positions in those countries, are sending back information of sorts to their Government. There is certainly some reason for their activity. Here any foreigner can buy an Ordnance map; but the maps and charts of the West Coast of North America are most imperfect so far, and it is probable that before long the Japanese will know much more of those coasts than the inhabitants themselves know. Another question which must be taken into account is that educated people of a certain social position—in Germany, Japan and other countries—are in the habit of taking quite subordinate and even menial posts abroad that they may learn the language cheaply. These, again, form a very useful unofficial and unpaid secret service.

The point now arises, is it worth while for us to exert ourselves and organise a secret service? It is questionable whether such a body could well be organised in this country. The British nature does not seem to adapt itself readily to such work; and even if we did take this seriously it is doubtful if we should effect much good. But we certainly should, as indeed we now seem to be doing, place some check on the foreigners in our midst. It must not be supposed that our authorities are altogether blind. Most of the prominent secret service agents in this country are known and their photographs possessed; but of course there must be many others. On the whole, therefore, we are inclined to think that matters will have to rest as they are. We are unlikely to do much good elsewhere, and there is little to divulge here. Indeed this seeking after knowledge of our neighbours' affairs may at times lead to some rather absurd situations, as the following story shows. During the Venezuelan War scare fifteen years ago, Canadian and United States officers were watching each other's frontiers. An officer of the American army made some elaborate maps and reports of a portion of the Canadian frontier. These he forwarded to Washington, where they were mislaid. He was then instructed to begin his task afresh. Naturally he was much annoyed. So he straightway confided his troubles to his Canadian brother officer over the border, to whom he made this pertinent suggestion—he really could not be bothered with doing all this work over again. Why, therefore, should they not do a deal?—"Give me your maps, and I will give you mine".

NEWSPAPER PLACARDS.

TIME was—middle-aged people can remember it—when English newspapers were a model and example to the world's press. The extent and accuracy of the information supplied were not more remarkable than the sobriety and self-restraint with which it was set out. Amongst the most important qualifications for a chief sub-editor was a keen scent for anything repulsive or obscene. Then, his duty was to keep it out or tone it down: now, in the interests of business, he

must put it in and play it up. Happily, the degeneration is not universal. In spite of the growing competition in sensationalism, the "Times", "Standard", and "Morning Post" exercise a systematic censorship over the news pages. If now and again something offensive finds its way into print the fault is one of oversight, not policy. Happily, decency is still good business. That is to say, while the other thing pays better, there remains a steady demand, not likely to fall away, for the sound, normal, self-respecting journals.

Sometimes perhaps, when a popular murder or divorce case is on the bills, their hearts may fail them. Every crowded thoroughfare is blatant with the latest thing in horror and lubricity. We cannot quite see why this nuisance should be tolerated. Grant that everything (or nearly everything) stated in a court of law may be reproduced for popular sale, it does not follow that the advertisement of it should be permitted. The display of bills in the streets is not an inherent privilege of citizenship. Let it be regulated by licence. The permission should be worth a stiff price, and might be suspended or altogether cancelled in the case of offending newspapers. A police censorship would be tiresome and probably ineffective. Every practical purpose would be served if a constable were empowered to demand a copy of any doubtful bill and forward it to Scotland Yard. There would be no tyranny, no interference with business, no scandalous inquiry, no excuse for railing at the public censorship. The same principles might be applied to placards floating on the kerbstone as to those pasted on walls and hoardings. At once we should see a marked improvement in the bills, and nobody a penny the worse—certainly not the proprietors of the reformed newspapers. Editors do not take to sensationalism because they like it. They are carried along by the competition, the pace being set by the most enterprising. Some of them in their hearts may think wistfully of cleaner days.

So far as the public is concerned, half the offence would be removed if the placards were supervised by authority. Nor would the improvement stop there. It would spread to the news pages. Every paper has to live down to its bill, but there would be little use in filling the columns with undesirable matter unless it could be advertised outside. By degrees (who knows?) the headlines would be reduced and the distracting crossheads might disappear. One shudders to think of the sensational sub-editor's daily emotions. On a single page we have known him, on his own statement, to have been scathed, astonished, bewildered, and shocked besides being several times alarmed, startled, and amused. The poor man must be a bundle of emotions. And the worst of it is that he does not do his business well. Compare the most adventurous of our newspapers with the average American journal of the same class. You see at once that there is skill in the art of "playing up a good story". The American headings are less ecstatic, but more piquant, because they stimulate curiosity, whereas our clumsy British practitioner tells the whole story at a glance. You need not trouble to read it.

While, as we thankfully confess, there are still in London and some of the great provincial cities of England a few journals which act up to the idea that one of their functions is to help in educating the nation, or at least appeal to the higher sense of their readers, the great majority play down to the man in the street—as they imagine him. Probably the man in the street, if left alone, would be glad enough to buy a respectable paper—if he could trust its sporting news. But meantime his taste, such as he has, is being debased. It is nonsense to say that the newspaper to-day gives us a picture of life as it is—that it is a contemporary document. Nowadays things are printed in English newspapers which once bore a good name that would not be tolerated in Paris. The French, no doubt, have a sufficiently licentious press, but its faults are not those of the brutal realism which in this country seems to be taken as a matter of course. Without referring to more recent instances nearer home, it may be enough to remark that the reports of the Thaw trial published

in many English newspapers were more detailed and more disgusting than those published by American journals, which do not affect to be particularly squeamish. Regretfully it must be admitted that during the last twenty-five years the general tone of the English press has been lowered. It is a subject that might well find a place on the agenda when next the journalists meet to discuss their own affairs. Meantime we throw out this suggestion—that the placard be brought within the cognisance of the law.

THE CITY.

THE City has now to become accustomed to seeing Consols quoted around 80. It is no use referring back to the period when they touched 114. The times have changed and the rate of interest has been lowered since then; Consols are now "out of favour" in every sense of the term. Directors of those banks and insurance companies which still own large holdings of the "premier security" have to consider whether it will be necessary to write them down to 75, and in this connection it may be observed that Consols will yield $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., less income tax, to the investor when they reach 71 $\frac{1}{2}$; for the gradual decline of nearly 24 points in the last decade has been largely due to the fact that $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. can now be obtained with very sound security; in other words, the rental value of money has increased with the higher cost of living.

The ostensible reason for this week's fall in Consols was the prospect of a rise in the Bank rate; but it was significant of market sentiment that the actual announcement of the advance to 4 per cent. was received with a cheer on the Stock Exchange. It was a relief to know definitely what was happening, and some satisfaction was derived from the complete jump from 3 to 4 per cent. instead of a temporary stop at the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stage. It is not at all likely that the higher rate will check business in the "House", for one simple reason that the markets could not possibly be much quieter, and for another because there is hardly any prospect of very dear money this autumn, especially as the Bank should now be able to attract and absorb a good proportion of the bar gold arriving week by week. Still, there are no palpable signs of awakening activity in the principal departments. The possible effect of good traffics on home rails is quite nullified by the labour outlook, and Wall Street is completely overshadowed by Mr. Roosevelt, whose success at Saratoga has put him at the head of the Republican party in New York State, if not in the whole country. Not the least amusing phase of the railroad position is the satisfaction displayed in Wall Street at the support given by the labour unions to the railroads in their claims for higher freight rates. Capital depending upon labour for assistance from the Government is a new phenomenon in the United States; but, be it observed, there is no disruption in the American labour camps.

Canadian Pacifics have again touched 200, on the August revenue statement showing an increase of \$728,000 in net earnings; but the Grand Trunk decrease in profits for August was twice as heavy as had been expected and consequently prices fell back sharply. Concerning the former company the report is being reiterated to the effect that a scheme to deal with the company's land assets will be brought forward at next week's meeting; while in regard to the latter it is rumoured that the new Chairman is preparing a statement, based on his recent tour of inspection over the system, which will make interesting reading for stockholders. The foreign railway section has retained its attractiveness throughout the week. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific issue of £1,000,000 proves to have been easily and thoroughly digested, and the maintenance of 7 per cent. dividends by the Buenos Ayres Western and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railways was in accordance with the best expectations. It had hardly been hoped that the allocations to reserve, betterments and depreciations that were made a year ago could be repeated by these two companies in view

of the decline in gross receipts; but such excellent provision has been made in these directions in the past as to enable the dividends to be conservatively maintained. The announcement of a dividend at the rate of $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on Mexican Railway ordinary stock for the last half-year has been one of the features of the week, giving great satisfaction in the market. It is nearly twenty years since Mexican ordinaries had a real dividend to themselves, two intervening distributions being rather in the nature of windfalls. Further lively fluctuations in this stock may be expected, as the company is undoubtedly doing very well now and the stock is a favourite medium of professional speculation.

The decline in the German Bank rate on Monday led to a fair amount of selling of Kaffir shares from the Continent by timid speculators, but, generally speaking, South Africans are for the present totally devoid of interest. In regard to New Africans the fact that the company has paid in the aggregate 270 per cent. in dividends has been well advertised; but past performance in such a case is no guide to future promise.

The settlement in rubber shares did not disclose anything like such a large "bear" position as had been expected, and the only alternative is that the continued decline is due after all to the liquidation of stale "bull" accounts. The situation in the East, where over-speculation has been heavily indulged in, seems to be more serious than was thought; but the unfortunate part of the whole business is that many real holders are being frightened into selling their shares at a time when the good dividend-payers should be bought rather than sold. The only ray of sunshine in this section during the week was Mr. F. K. Arbuthnot's speech at the United Sumatra meeting, but it was soon enveloped in clouds of pessimism. Meanwhile discriminating bargain-hunters have an opportunity of picking up some good things! A sudden recovery in Shells on Thursday raised reports that the Shell combine has come to an agreement with the Standard Oil Company; but in well-informed market circles it was declared that the buying was not of a sufficiently authoritative or substantial character to support the rumours.

LICENSED PREMISES AND THE FINANCE ACT.—I.

By a RATING SURVEYOR.

THE effect of the Finance Act on the annual value of licensed premises has attracted a good deal of attention through the publicity given to the "Crown and Shuttle" case. The judgment, in effect, was that a prima facie case had been made out that increased licence duties lowered annual values. Throughout the country assessment committees have been inundated with notices of objection to assessments, and very little is seen in the papers as to the proceedings, except now and then we hear some results. Without exception, it appears to be common ground that reductions must be made, the effect of which is that the Imperial Exchequer gains at the expense of the general body of rate-payers. It seems to be agreed that unless the appellant can be reasonably assumed to be able to increase his gross receipts this extra expense in connexion with increased licence must be deducted from the gross estimated rental, less of course the saving gained in rates by the consequent reduction in rateable value.

Every licensed house must be assumed to be free, and the problem is to find the sum at which the tied house would let if free—a difficult question—assuming that the licensee was liable to pay the licence duty (which he is). Licences have been enormously increased by the Finance Act, but no one knows precisely by how much as yet. There was a payment made for licence duty on 1 July, which apparently cannot be reviewed, the time for appeal having gone by. A whole year's licence duty is due on 1 October.

Owing to this being the quinquennial year for assessment for Schedule A and inhabited-house duty, we are told that the old assessment for these automatically died on 5 April 1910, and the new ones are not created until

the fresh assessments are made, and these are being sent to occupiers at the present time. It follows, we are informed, that it was impossible to object to the annual value for licence duty, for there was no assessment to object to! The writer has been interested to make research as to this, and, although a layman, he ventures to submit that there is another side to this question on the following grounds:

The Excise annual value for existing licences as far as can be seen is not defined in any Act of Parliament! We find it in the Act of 1880, as follows:

"On licences to be taken out by retailers of spirits in the United Kingdom, there shall be charged and paid the duties following; (that is to say),

If the annual value of the dwelling-house "		£ s. d.	
Is under	£10 ...	4	10 0
Is £10 and under	£15 ...	6	0 0
" £15 "	£20 ...	8	0 0
" £20 "	£25 ...	11	0 0
" £25 "	£30 ...	14	0 0
" £30 "	£40 ...	17	0 0
" £40 "	£50 ...	20	0 0
" £50 "	£100 ...	25	0 0
" £100 "	£200 ...	30	0 0
" £200 "	£300 ...	35	0 0
" £300 "	£400 ...	40	0 0
" £400 "	£500 ...	45	0 0
" £500 "	£600 ...	50	0 0
" £600 "	£700 ...	55	0 0
" £700 or above	...	60	0 0

This is the first occasion when licences were based on annual value except for qualification of minimum value. Licence duties are an Excise matter and have nothing to do with the licensing authorities nor with the Revenue authorities, and consequently it appears that it is wrong to say that because there was no annual value for Schedule "A" and inhabited-house duty between April and now it was impossible to object in some way to the licence duty which was payable and paid on 1 July. It is agreed that as a matter of practice in the past the Excise authorities have for Excise purposes taken their annual value from Schedule "A" or inhabited-house duty, although there are cases (very rare) where the gross value for poor rate, when higher than either of these, has been used. The fact remains that the Excise authorities have to make or borrow an annual value from somewhere, and also that there is no machinery for objecting or appealing against the Excise annual value. It would seem to follow that if the licence duty demanded was too high, or, in other words, based on too high an annual value, the licenceholder has no legal remedy. I cannot see that Sections 45 to 47 of the 1872 Licensing Act apply in any way.

In the past, if the Excise annual value was too high, an objection was made to the local commissioners, who are the body for connecting Schedule "A" and inhabited-house duty. If a reduction was obtained, the Excise annual value was automatically reduced, and consequently the licence duty. There seems to be no legal warrant for this. In some parts surveyors of taxes say "Get your poor-rate assessments down and then the commissioners will hear you". There seems to be no legal warrant for this either.

At this stage it is necessary to consider carefully Section 44 (1) of the Finance Act, which reads as follows:

"The annual value of any premises for the purpose of any duty charged in the First Schedule to this Act shall be determined in the same manner and subject to the same conditions (including, as respects licensed premises in Ireland, the provisions of Subsection (7) of Section forty-three of the Inland Revenue Act, 1880) as the annual value of the premises is determined for the purpose of a publican's licence, and, in the determination of that value, the duty on the licence is not to be allowed as a deduction."

Here is legislation by reference, always annoying, but in this case perplexing and almost amusing, for, as far as the writer can see, we are referred to—Nowhere! The annual value for existing licences is nowhere defined in any previous Act! Sections 45 to 47 of the Licensing Act 1872, before referred to, deal only with annual value exclusive of licence.

It is assumed therefore that the words "annual value" must stand by themselves, and be interpreted

from the Rating Acts of Parliament or perhaps from the Income Tax Acts, or both.

There appear to have been some cases on the correct meaning of annual value, such as *Dobbs v. Grand Junction W. W. Co.* (53 L.J. Q.B. 52) and *Re Elwes* (28 L.J. Ex. 46; 3 H. & N. 719).

These cases point to the fact that annual value means net annual value, and yet licence duty has always been charged on the gross annual value. Why this is so seems inexplicable and worthy of consideration by advisers to brewers and licensees. Of course up to comparatively recent days there was no such thing as a net annual value for Schedule "A". It was the gross rack-rent, but in 1894 the allowance was granted of one-sixth for repairs. Ought the brewers at that time to have asked that licence duties should be assessed on this new net annual value? Ought they in 1880 to have paid on net annual value?

If Schedule "A" is the basis of annual value for Excise purposes the answer seems to be "Yes", and even if it is not it appears that annual value means net annual value for Excise or any other purpose when those words are used.

In Section 69 of the Finance Act, through the efforts of some of our land organisations, this allowance of one-sixth is reviewed, and on proof of a larger expenditure than is represented by this fraction a lower net assessment can be obtained, or rather a return of tax can be obtained (not at all the same thing); but surely net value of any property means the net rent after average repairs have been deducted from the gross rent. It would seem therefore that if the Excise annual value is not linked up with Schedule "A", inhabited-house duty or poor rate as would appear to be the case, and if annual value means net value, it follows that it is open for every licensee to argue that each licensed house has its net annual value to be found as a fact in each case; and if it is covered with thatch and expensive to repair, or the building is large as compared with the trade, the net annual value would be smaller than in those cases where the reverse obtains.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMAN ROADS IN PICARDY.

By H. BELLOC M.P.

IF a man were asked where he would find upon the map the sharpest impress of Rome and of the memories of Rome, and where he would most easily discover in a few days on foot the foundations upon which our civilisation still rests, he might, in proportion to his knowledge of history and of the map of Europe, be puzzled to reply. He might say that a week along the Wall from Tyne to Solway would be the answer, or a week in the great Roman cities of Provence with their triumphal arches and their vast arenas and their Roman stone cropping out everywhere—in old quays, in ruined bridges, in the very pavement of the streets they use to-day, and in the columns of their living churches.

Now I was surprised to find myself, after many years of dabbling in such things, furnishing myself the answer in quite a different place. It was in Picardy during the late manœuvres of the French army that, in the intervals of watching those great buzzing flies, the aeroplanes, and in the intervals of long tramps after the regiments or of watching the massed guns, the necessity for perpetually consulting the map brought home to me for the first time this truth.

Picardy is the province—or, to be more accurate, Picardy with its marches in the Ile de France, the edge of Normandy and the edge of Flanders—that retains to-day the most vivid impress of Rome, for though the great buildings are lacking, and the Roman work, which must here have been mainly of brick, has crumbled, and though I can remember nothing unstanding and patently of the Empire between the gate of Rheims and the frontier of Artois, yet one feature—the Roman roads—is here so evident, so multiple, and so enduring that it makes up for all the rest.

One discovers them upon the map one after the other with a sort of surprise. The scheme develops before one as one looks, and always when one thinks one has completed the web another and yet another straight arrow of a line reveals itself across the page.

The map is a sort of palimpsest; the mass of fine modern roads, a whole red blurr of lanes and local ways, the big rare black lines of the railway are, as it were, the recent writing on it, but underneath the whole, more and more apparent and in greater and greater numbers as one learns to discover them, are the strict, taut lines which Rome stretched over all those plains.

There is something most fascinating in discovering them and in noting them one after the other, for they need discovering. No one of them is still in complete use. The greater part must be pieced together from stretches of lanes which turn into broad roads and then suddenly sink again into footpaths—mere rights of way or green forest rides. Often, as with our rarer Roman roads in England, all trace of the thing disappears under the plough or in the soft crossings of the river valleys. One marks them by the straightness of their alignment, by the place names which lie upon them (the repeated name *estrées*, for instance, which is like the "streets" upon the Roman roads of England); by the recovery of them after a gap; by the discoveries which local archaeology has made. Different men have different pastimes, and I dare say that most of those who read this will wonder that such a search should be a pastime for any man; but I confess it is a pastime for me. To discover these things, to recreate them as it were, to dig out on foot the base upon which 2000 years of history repose, is the most fascinating kind of travel.

And the number of them! You may take an oblong of country with Maubeuge at one corner, Pontoise at another, Yvetot and some frontier town such as Furnes for the other two corners, and in that stretch of country, 150 miles by perhaps 200, you can build up a scheme almost as complete as the scheme of the great roads to-day.

That road which first most immediately strikes the eye is the huge great line which darts from Paris upon Rouen. Twice broken at the crossing of the river valleys, and lost altogether in the last twelve miles before the capital of Normandy, it still stands on the modern map a great modern road with every aspect of purpose and of intention in its going. From Amiens also they radiate out; some, like the way to Cambrai, in use every mile; some, like the old marching road to the sea, to the Portus Itius, to Boulogne, a mere lane, often wholly lost and never used as a great modern road.

This last was the way along which the French feudal cavalry trailed to the disaster of Crécy, and just beyond Crécy it goes and loses itself in that exasperating but fascinating manner which is the whole charm of Roman roads wherever the hunter finds them. You may lay a ruler along this old forgotten track, all the way past Domqueur, Novelle (which is called *Novelle-en-Chaussée*—that is, "Novelle on the paved road"), on past Estrée, where, from the height, you overlook the battlefield of Crécy; and that ruler so lying on your map points right at Boulogne Harbour, thirty odd miles away. And in all those thirty odd miles I could not find another yard of it. But what an interest! What a hobby to develop! There is nothing like it in all the kinds of hunting that have ever been invented for filling up the whole of the mind. True, you will get no sauce of danger, but, on the other hand, you will hunt for weeks and weeks and you will come back year after year and go on with your hunting, and sometimes you actually find (which is more than can be said for hunting some animals in the Weald). How was it lost, this great main road of Europe, this marching road of the legions, linking up Gaul and Britain, the way that Hadrian went, and the way down which the usurper Constantine from Britain must have come during that short adventure of his which lends such a romance to the end of the Empire? One cannot conceive why it should have disappeared. It is a sunken way down the hillside across the light railway which serves Crécy town;

it gets vaguer and vaguer, for all the world like those ridges upon the chalk that mark the Roman roads in England, and then it is gone. When you lose it it is pointing, I say, at that distant harbour, thirty odd miles off—but over all those miles it has vanished. The ghost of the legions cannot march along it any more. In one place you find a few yards of it—about three miles south and east of Montreuil. It may be that the little lane leading into Estrée shows where it crossed the valley of the Course, but it is all guesswork, and therefore very proper to the huntsman.

Then there is that unbroken line by which S. Martin came, I think, when he rode into Amiens, and at the gate of the town cut his cloak in two to cover the beggar. It drives across country for Roye and on to Noyon, the old centre of the Kings. It is a great modern road all the way, and it stretches before you mile after mile, until suddenly, without explanation and for no reason, it ends sharply like the life of a man on the slopes of the hill called Choisy, at the edge of the wood which is there. And seek as you will you will never find it again.

From that road also, near Amiens, branches out another whose object was S. Quentin, first as a great highroad, lost in the valley of the Somme, a lesser road again, still in one strict alignment, it reaches on to within a mile of Vermand, and there it stops dead, and I do not think that between Vermand and S. Quentin you will find it. Go out north-westward from Vermand and walk perhaps five miles or seven; there is no trace of a road, only the rare country lanes winding in and out, and the open plough of the rolling land. But continue by your compass so, and you will come (suddenly again and with no apparent reason for its abrupt origin) upon the dead straight line that ran from the capital of the Nervii, three days' march and more, and pointing all the time straight at Vermand.

And so it is throughout the province. Here and there, as at Bavai, a great capital has decayed. Here and there (but more rarely) a town wholly new has sprung up since the Romans, but the plan of the country is the same as that which they laid down, and the roads as you discover them mark it out and establish it. And the armies that you see marching to-day in their manœuvres follow for half a morning some line which was taken by the legions.

THE WAGGON AND THE BOAT.

IN a little cove between two headlands, where the cliff-line sinks and recedes to make room for waste slopes and hillocks of blown sand, lies the fishing-village, the cluster of cottages, the stone-paved slip where the boats are hauled up, the capstan-house, the narrow stretch of green where the nets and the brown sails are spread. Beyond the last house, where the sea-grass and the thick-leaved convolvulus begin to bind the sand together with their matted roots, and the sea-holly shakes its stiff grey leaves among drift-wood and wrecked crab-pots and rusty anchors, rests the wreck of an old seine-boat; and on the low cliff-edge above it, half sunk in beds of nettle and mallow, in a waste corner between two fields, lies a broken-down farm waggon. Their work over, the two carriers of burdens moulder within sight of each other: the spindrift from a working sea sails up and settles on the floor-boards of the waggon; the thistledown drifts down with a land-wind in summer and sticks about the bottom of the boat. No one comes near either of the pair but the children of the cove, who, when they are tired of playing at ships in the one derelict, climb the track through the sand-hills and clamber into the hold of the other. A stone's-throw away the life of the place goes on. Day by day the men stand about at the familiar corner below the capstan-house, lined up along a great balk of timber; with one foot up on the beam, one elbow on the raised knee, they watch the sea for signs of herring or pilchards in the good weather of the season, or for the chances of storm. The seine-boats are rowed out to their moorings on the white sand bottom of the bay, or hauled up in

doubtful weather by the great capstan, when, with turmoil of hurrying figures about the black hulls, the chains tauten and twitch, and the long keels, grinding over the granite paving, move slowly up the slip-way as the dusk gathers and the lights begin to kindle and fade upon the darkened sea-line. The schools of fish are safely netted in the bay, or slip out to sea again; or the summer weeks go by without a net being wetted. One man takes his boat to Solva for the crabbing; another ships to Taganrog or River Plate; both in due time are home again and put up one foot on the familiar parapet, and bend salt-bitten eyes once more to watch the chances of the sea, whether it lies asleep in the sun, scarcely rippling to make a thread of foam along the sand, or whether a three-days' winter storm turns all to white water between land and sky and drowns the cove in sheeting spray. Above the port, in the wind-swept fields along the cliff-top, the business of the land goes forward day by day: the gulls follow the plough along the furrow; the solitary worker scoops the sandy ridges with his long-handled shovel; the cart creaks and jolts across the stubble and between the mounded stone walls to the farmstead, the cluster of bare stone buildings and the line of ricks whose thatch is lashed on and weighted down by stones hung round the eaves.

The old waggon and the broken boat have more in common than the neighbourhood of their last berths in a waste corner of the village outskirts, and their fellowship of decay under the soft Atlantic rain which soaks into the blackening hollows of the timber, the scalding sun which peels away the last films of paint and tar and warps the boards and opens out every mortice and seam. They are both creatures of burden, carriers of the stuff of life by land and by sea, with more of likeness in their fashion than might at first glance appear. The waggon is carvel-built, like the boat, but its ribs are outside the planking: it has topsides and a gunwale and a forecastle: stand inside it and look forward, and it is a ship, made for journeys over the green crests and hollows of the uplands; at the season, too, it was rigged with four masts, and loaded with its cargo mast-high, and went lurching across the furrows, trip after trip between the hayfield or the cornfield and the haven of the yard and barn. The boats were also made for short journeys, between the bay and the shore, carrying the harvest of the sea into the garner: a "navis oneraria", a broad bottom for burdens, not built for speed on the open sea. Strength and carrying capacity and handiness are the qualities aimed at in the wheeled and the oared vehicle alike; and by the experience of generations, the selection of material, the evolution of form, here they are gained and fixed, to the last ounce and the last inch. There is science at its fullest flourish in the flow and the interruptions of the curves of the building, in the employment of the virtues of timber, with iron used sparingly as reinforcement at certain points. The lines of the waggon are mainly governed by the factors of ballast and draught: but there is room in their shaping for the play of fancy with the overhang of the sides above the fore-carriage, the sweep of the raves over the back wheels, and the ornament of chamfered edges and brackets. But every curve of the boat is inevitable; the equal rake of the stem and stern-post, the bellying-out and sinking away of the planking are shaped to the waves—born of them, we might say. Wain and galley answer alike to their element: the one to uphill haulage through the holding clay, to swaying, lumbering descents down steep and stony lanes; the other is made to lift at anchor to the long swell, to answer the oars handily, as the seine is paid out round the school, to come in loaded with her catch up to the thwarts and the water almost lipping the gunwale. She adds something of the waggon's function to her own, being made to take the ground with her load if need be, and come ashore tugged by a team of horses. Her plan has the grace and energy of the forms of growing leaves, and a good deal of the unseizable subtlety of the spring and curl of waves.

Walk round one of the score of seine-boats which

rest after the season is over on the level plot above the slip, stayed on even keel, tarred and black-leaded for the winter, broad in the beam, sharp alike at bow and stern, built of massive oak, with a row of round oar-holes above the painted strake, green or white or counter-checked like the ports of a three-decker; move round her and watch the profile of her section change at every step, right and fine in a way that belongs only to nature in her most vivid moods and to the most sincere art of man. Watch a waggon as it breasts a ridge of the stubble among the sheaves, note the adaptation of the mechanics of traction, the economy of strength in the framing, the mere picturesque relation of the great circle of the wheel to the right lines of the body, the divergence of the oblique rib-work; and you will understand something of the evolved tradition, the inspired rule-of-thumb which possesses the secret of joining use and beauty inseparably in its inventions. Those two superannuated engines which lie wasting in disuse so near each other on the cliff-edge and on the fringe of the sand, if they could assume the parts and the tongue of the inanimate actors in the old fables, would surely sometimes talk together about the course of time. It needs no very nimble fancy, when the seeded grass rustles about the broken wheels, or the spray of a far-thrown breaker spatters the side of the boat, to hear the two complain upon their good days and the changes that they have seen. What has happened, they would ask, to the mind or the hands of their makers, that no beauty now goes as the inseparable companion of use in the new fashions of carriage by land and sea? The grimy little tramp-steamer, a riveted tank of rusty iron plates, that rolls across the offing, trailing her soot-cloud from cape to cape, burying her nose in the swell and kicking out behind with her screw, why has she no room in her displacement for the least pleasure of the eyes? The trucks that rumble along the highway behind the traction-engine, half hidden in a cloud of sulphurous stench, what influence has made them to be rectangular boxes, mere sordid receptacles, without a trace, from their link-chains to their dirty drab paint, of the smallest grace of curve or angle, proportion or colour? How is it that the old way of building-in the beauty with the framing of the work has all at once come to an end, and all we have now is naked ugliness, or ornament "applied" to mask the purpose of the design? Is it not because men, drunken with the gain of power over the elements, have forgotten the very existence of the end in the pursuit of the means?

If we grant a tongue to the silent relics on the shore, the live engines, vocal enough with their steam-blast and sirens and whistles about the ways of the world, take the right to make answer and say: "Where, then, would you mark the culmination of the arts, and stop the course of 'evolution' between us and the first rude implements which empowered men's hands against the hardness of the elements? Why allow the oar and the sail, the wheel and the trace, and forbid the propeller and the slide-valve?"

The strident voices die away, echoing along the cliffs and over the desolate fields; and if there is any answer to them from the waste where the old inventions lie mouldering, it is only a thin, uncertain sound, like the rustling of the sea-grass or the thistle-heads against their broken sides: "We served our makers", it seems to say, "and we made them. But you . . ."

And there it ceases, as if the conclusion were too unlikely to be listened to, or perhaps too plain.

OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

BY MALLEUS.

IF General Washington, retreating from the Brandywine and Germantown, could have foreseen the incidents of "D'Arcy of the Guards" at the S. James' Theatre, it might have added another drop to the bitter cup of his defeat and made Valley Forge seem even more bleak and inhospitable. His discomfort might have been still more increased if he had known that it would

be written by, as I suppose, an American author, one Louis Evan Shipman. I do not know if the piece has ever been played in Philadelphia. Its method of construction and its naïve antiquity would have been very much to the taste of the people who lived on the wrong side of Market Street in 1778, and probably would appeal to those who live on the same side of the same thoroughfare at the present time. The hero is an officer of the King's Guards, but an Irishman. A hated Englishman, of course, could not be endowed with heroic properties; but a visiting Irishman is, we know, always well received in the United States, whether he comes as an ordinary pugilist to exhibit his skill or as a political pugilist to collect subscriptions. The English officers who are introduced mostly display the manners of an American politician at a Convention. The action begins on the day of the entry of the British forces into Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from pointing out to the intelligent playwright that as that event occurred at the end of November, it is impossible that the incidents of his second and third acts, which are separated from the first act by two months, can take place on 29 December, as he makes his characters state. Philadelphia, we know, during the British occupation was, in the words of two very shrewd observers, "an attractive scene of debauch and amusement" and "a place of crucifying expenses", but we see nothing of this in the play. Colonel D'Arcy arrives, accompanied by the regimental doctor, to take up his quarters in the house occupied by Miss Pamela Townshend (who, in the person of Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, looks charming, but perhaps not altogether Philadelphian), her mother and cousin, and behaves with great elegance, as Mr. Alexander naturally would do, though he does not go so far as Lord Cornwallis went on the same occasion and take himself off in response to the protests of the householder. The family, probably fascinated by his peculiar brogue, which must have been as new to them as it was to me, were not long in making him comfortable, but did not supervise his manners and morals quite so carefully as Mrs. Henry Drinker of the same city supervised those of the hopeful youth whom she described as "our major". The Colonel's character seems to have been a cross between that of Banastre Tarleton of the Light Dragoons and Richard Fitzpatrick of the Grenadiers, both heroes of the Philadelphian occupation. He fights two duels in the first act, and would have fought another in the fourth if the rebels had not killed his man for him, and he makes love all the time. Pamela proves a remarkably easy conquest. I fear she would not have been invited with the other young ladies who "sacrificed every convenience to the love of their country" to the dance at the City Tavern which celebrated the return of Congress to Philadelphia. In the second act the Colonel saves Pamela's brother from being shot as a spy, thinking all the time, noble fellow that he is, that it is her lover. In the same act the characters begin losing things; Pamela drops her brother's letter and the doctor finds it. In the third act an English General leaves the operation orders for an entirely fictitious night attack on Valley Forge in the pocket of his overcoat and Pamela finds them. In the fourth act the Colonel loses his mother's miniature and once more the doctor finds it. Now, to lose your brother's letter or your mother's miniature may be a misfortune; to leave your operation orders in the pocket of your overcoat in the house of the enemy, to use the words of a play to which Mr. Alexander is far more indebted than he will ever be, I fear, to this one, "looks like carelessness". The first and third losses lead to nothing except the consumption of time, a matter of some importance, since the piece, with the assistance of three long intervals, does not extend over two and a half hours; the second loss has more serious results. Pamela, in order to escape to warn the troops at Valley Forge, is compelled to shoot the Colonel. So successfully does she do so that he writhes in agony on the floor, suffering from a broken forearm and a wound either in the side or in the chest—it is described as being in both places, so possibly the bullet ricocheted and did more execution than even Pamela ever expected. The damage, however, was not

sufficient to prevent the patient from riding out on the abortive expedition to Valley Forge, whither news of the proposed attack had been brought by Sambo, Pamela's black servant (cleverly acted by Mr. S. Spencer), since Pamela was too busy with the Colonel. D'Arcy, however, quickly returns to his bed, and five weeks' nursing by Pamela brings about the obvious dénouement. Apart from its absurdities the play is agreeably written, and the dresses are picturesque; but I could wish it had remained on the unfashionable side of Market Street.

THE MIND OF TURNER.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

THE genesis of a work of art is always an interesting study. The methods used by various artists in elaborating and carrying out their conceptions have been very diverse; to generalise is impossible. Some artists, like Rossetti, spend their lives in developing themes conceived as germs in youth or early manhood, so that the final work is often the deposit of long years of brooding and cherishing in the mind. Others receive late in life a fresh access of ideas which transforms their method and their attitude. So, also, the first sketches of one master will be bold, vivid, and pulsating with an energy which tires and grows tame under the long labour of elaborate execution; while another's tentative studies are timid and feeble, and only in the completed work is the original conception fully revealed in its freshness and intensity. With some painters the main forms of the design persist through their studies without material change; others, like Tintoret, experiment continually even with these.

No artist has left so vast a number of sketches behind him as Turner. Early this year I gave some account of the official Inventory which has at last been made of these for the Trustees of the National Gallery by Mr. Finberg, and of the new lights which they throw on Turner's career. Mr. Finberg has now published an illustrated volume* which serves as commentary to the dry facts of the Inventory, and takes for his subject the relation of Turner's studies and sketches to his exhibited and published compositions. It makes a fascinating theme, and of course involves an outline of Turner's development as an artist and an interpretation of the growth of his mind. I say interpretation, because we know very little of the real motives paramount from time to time in Turner's mind; they were doubtless complex and perhaps not wholly conscious; and from given facts the deductions made by Ruskin will often be quite irreconcilable with those made, for instance, by Sir Walter Armstrong. Mr. Finberg's attitude is more like that of Ruskin than of recent critics, not only in the estimate of Turner's greatness but in the stress laid on mental and moral characteristics; though he differs from Ruskin in his analysis of the construction and organisation of a work of art. In fact, the chief claim put forward for his book is that it enunciates a theory of pictorial art which is to save criticism from its present "bankruptcy"; and it is worth our while to see what this theory is.

"I will define a work of pictorial art", says Mr. Finberg, "as an arrangement of spatial symbols embodying an individualised psychical content present to the mind of the artist, and intended to call up always the same ideas and emotions in the minds of others." The phrasing smacks a little of the clumsy jargon of metaphysicians, but in his accompanying arguments Mr. Finberg uses better and more persuasive English. To take the first part of this statement first: we are to reject the common-sense notion that the subject of a picture is a group of physical realities. "It is not till we have gone on to grasp the special significance of the order in which these elements have been grouped, that we really begin to come into contact with the work of art itself." "We seem to start with natural facts and they change under our hands into the symbols of

* "Turner's Sketches and Drawings." By A. J. Finberg. London: Methuen. 1910. 12s. 6d. net.

mere ideas and emotions." I might quote much more to the same purpose; but what I have quoted is enough to indicate Mr. Finberg's position and his strong emphasis on the subjective elements in a work of art. I will add one further statement, which amplifies the second part of the sentence first quoted. "The point which I cannot hesitate to press home—because I see clearly that the whole question of the value and place of art in modern civilisation depends upon it—is this, that the work of art is nothing less than its full significance. It is only so far as we master or appropriate this wealth of inner significance that the work of art can be said to exist for us. . . . We must translate the artist's signs into their appropriate ideas and feelings." "All the great works of modern art . . . not only represent objects and scenes, but lay down the related thoughts and feelings which they are to inspire." With the main contentions here indicated most thinking men will probably agree; and I am rather surprised that Mr. Finberg should announce this conception of art as a "revolutionary" conception. It is certainly in strong contrast with theories which happen to be current in a good many studios of to-day, with the narrow dogmas of those who maintain that a picture must be nothing but a record of visual sensation and who rule out the intellectual and imaginative elements as alien and irrelevant. It is welcome on that account. But no one who had the full achievement of European art in mind could possibly take such dogmas seriously. At the same time there are dangers in laying overmuch stress on the intellectual side of art, the "states of consciousness" producing it or produced by it, in so far as we lose touch with the primary universal character underlying all forms of art, even the simplest, and also in so far as we neglect the emotional factors which are beyond analysis and defy verbal expression. Mr. Finberg does not altogether escape these dangers. But the questions opened up demand separate treatment; and it is time that we came back to Turner.

Mr. Finberg only states his theory of pictorial art at the close of his detailed examination of Turner's method of constructing his pictures; and he claims that the study of Turner's sketches leads inevitably to the conclusions he affirms so explicitly. I cannot but think, however, that Turner is not always a fortunate illustration of his contention that "the essential forms of pictorial art are as much independent constructions of the creative mind as the forms of music". Turner's earliest work was topographical, views of places interesting in themselves and for their associations, made for patrons or publishers. Very soon he showed that he had it in him to make of landscape a creative art, independent of local limitations. But he continued to make masses of drawings which were ostensibly topographical, definite views of known places, though he took every conceivable liberty with his material. Mr. Finberg's minute study of the sketch-books has produced results of extraordinary interest—and for this new evidence alone the book would be valuable, for he shows us on what incredibly slight data Turner was able to work. We have here reproduced, side by side, a number of finished compositions and the sketches on which they were based, the roughest of pencil memoranda giving a suggestion only of the main forms. Our amazement is increased when we learn that in many cases such hasty jottings were used years after, in some cases even twenty or thirty years after, as sole foundation for finished water-colours, in which not only lighting and atmosphere but minute detail are added from the wealth of observed fact stored in Turner's mind, while the whole has been transformed and moulded to the service of some definite idea by the artist's imagination. Now, though we must admire in this the prodigious resource, tenacity and invention of Turner's mind, I do not think the results are always felicitous, or that Mr. Finberg's account of them is always true. He reiterates that the "objective scenes and objects" (not a good phrase, this) are merely used as hints to Turner's imagination, and that the real point of interest is an "emotional complex" for which the artist in his final design seeks a corresponding "par-

ticular conjunction of pictorial signs". The fact remains that most of the drawings in question are views of particular places, with so much of local feature and recognisable detail preserved that we are not allowed to forget them; nor does Turner's bent towards multiplicity, or his invention of enlivening incident, often quite trivial, help us to merge the local and particular aspect in something of enduring and universal character. He suffered from being forced to compromise between his own desire for a free creative treatment and the demands of publisher or public. He might have simplified his material by transforming schemes of light and shade; but he seldom used this means, and preferred to alter the actual forms of buildings, trees and hills to his own uses. Mr. Finberg justifies this subordination of actual objects "to a purpose which falls entirely outside their own existence", as part of the artist's game of pictorial expression. My point is that the subordination is often not successful and therefore not justified; the materials are imperfectly fused. To take a concrete instance: the "Stamford", engraved in the "England and Wales" series and published in 1830, is founded on a pencil drawing made in 1797. Mr. Finberg writes of the latter as a dull affair. It is a plain rendering of street and tower, but drawn in sensitive lines which make it a thing of delicacy rather than of dullness. To my mind this modest drawing has far more beauty than the later design in which the church steeples are heightened and their character falsified without being improved; the buildings do not suggest any known material, a gorgeous sky of rain and thunder is introduced behind, and in the street passengers alight from a stage-coach or cross the road for shelter. We can recognise the fertility of Turner's resources here, but the artifices used are too conscious and palpable, and it seems to me a case of mastery misapplied. This was Turner's weakness—that instead of extracting and heightening what was inherent in the character of his subject he was prone to use material that could not of itself be anything but plain, and to impose upon it factitious interests to give it spice and seasoning. The method was dangerous for one of his faulty and undisciplined taste. Mr. Finberg in several instances makes far too much of the subjective element, and he does not sufficiently discriminate between rhetorical work of this kind—though in this particular case he admits the rhetorical character—and those magnificent sea pieces in which Turner was free to use the forms of wave and cloud, of buoyant cutter and majestic three-decker, as pictorial symbols without afterthought or limitation. He had a like freedom in the best of the "Liber Studiorum" plates. One of these I must mention, as I think Mr. Finberg may have fallen into an error about it. This is the "Flint Castle", which is here called, I do not know why, "Scene on the French Coast". Mr. Finberg reproduces the published design and on the opposite page a sepia drawing of the same subject, differing both in detail and in general effect, which he regards as an earlier version. He is rather contemptuous of this drawing, contrasting its jejune effect with the vigour and impressiveness of the published design, and analyses the improvements made by the artist with an eloquence of admiration which seems to me disproportionate to the reality. But is the sepia drawing an earlier and not a later version? As it happens, there is a drawing by Girtin of this subject, which is probably the basis of the "Liber" plate. In Girtin's drawing the foreground is simpler, there are only one or two fishermen and horses; but the lines of the distant boats, the castle, and the indentations of the shore correspond precisely with those in Turner's "Liber" design. They do not correspond with those in Turner's sepia drawing. Girtin, of course, was dead before the "Liber" was thought of. On the evidence, I should presume that the sepia drawing was an attempt to recast the subject in a sunnier, calmer mood, and that Turner rejected it as a failure and returned to the original, more forcible effect. Mr. Finberg, by the way, hardly mentions Girtin at all in his account of the influences affecting Turner's youth, and entirely ignores J. R. Cozens, to whom Turner himself thought he owed

a great deal. I wish I had space to follow Mr. Finberg's sympathetic account of Turner's mental development. It is all extremely interesting, especially in the light of the new facts brought out by the critic's researches.

THE BATH.

By A WAYFARER.

WITH Al Hammam (the bath) I became acquainted in early days when I read "The Thousand and One Nights"; later I read Burton's translation, and learnt how the hammam covers the flirtations of flighty dames. At that period also I indulged in the Turkish baths of civilisation. But it is not until one travels Eastwards that one finds the hammam of the Arabian Nights ready with open doors for curiosity and for pleasure.

It is in Sham-Ash-Shareef (Sham the honoured), as the Arabs call Damascus, where the hammams are the finest in the East; and the day is sultry, the sultriness has penetrated even to the cool recesses of my house, and of a sudden I have a longing for the ease of the hammam. So I rise up and go forth into the glare, past the house of the Greek Church Patriarch, and hence up Straight Street. Some way up on my right lies the Suk Al Khayyateen—the Bazaar of the Tailors—and in it is the hammam of the same name.

On entering it for the first time you might get the impression of a lofty silk emporium, for all round you are bundles of coloured cloth, cloths spread out in tempting fashion, as it were to catch the buyer's eye, cloths hanging overhead. But a fountain plays in the centre, and you notice next that round you, on four square daises raised some three feet above the ground, are long divans, with here and there a silk-bemuffled, reclining figure. Yes; you have not made a mistake. This is the hammam.

But it is not the first time by many that I have entered it. I may be said to know my way about, and pass without hesitation to my accustomed dais. The attendants give me a smiling marhubber (welcome), and returning their salutes I take off my shoes before treading on the dais. Under my divan is a long drawer, into which an attendant puts my clothes, after which he wraps me in two towels, and gingerly I step off the dais on to a pair of high clogs—which form of footgear is worn by all the bathers. I say gingerly because one's progress on high clogs over a slippery marble floor is not far removed from the uncertainties of skating. But I am more expert than I was, and can travel with some amount of safety if not speed. A little door leads out of the "Meslakh" (entrance hall), as it is called, and as it shuts behind me I feel an instant increase of temperature. I find myself in a long, bare chamber, with a marble floor and stone walls. The floor is finely mosaiced in black and brown. Around the walls are divans, for it is in the Beyt-owwal (first warm chamber) that the bathers undress in winter. From the Beyt-owwal I click-clack over the marble floor into the "hararah"—the warmest chamber of all—the lowest inferno of the hammam. The floor and walls are those of the Beyt-owwal, but around the latter are stone basins, with primitive taps for hot and cold water. From an attendant I receive a fresh towel, which I gird round my waist, flick my clogs away from me spinning over the slippery surface, and seat myself by the side of a basin.

It is very pleasant here, sitting by the side of my basin, sluicing myself with a tin dish. There is a fascination about the tessellated marble floor glistening with spilt water; a sense of freeness about my apparel, and a disresponsibility from the great world without. I am become once more as primitive man, with no thought for the morrow, sitting by the side of some world-spring, clad in a waist-cloth.

There are other little groups about the other basins. A man has brought his child, and is pouring Niagaras on the little fellow's head, who pretends to like it, and gasps bravely with tight-shut eyes between the douches.

Further on two youths act the amateur "mukeyyi-satee" (massager) upon one another, thus saving some part of their fee, and also, be it remarked, of their time. For in the hammam things move in the leisurely Eastern fashion, and it is some little while before the massager comes and leads me to one of the little apartments off the hararah. Here again I sit myself down by a basin, and operations begin.

My attendant is not unlike my idea of the Old Man of the Sea. Somewhat bent with age and work, his grip is of the strongest, and his hands—from much contact with water—have a scaly appearance and feel. He works on me with grim earnestness, and I am as clay beneath the potter's hand. With a rough glove he rasps me all over, and then bringing in a large basin and an enormous sponge made of palm-tree fibres, he raises a lather which would terrify the heart of the stoutest urchin ever scrubbed in a nursery. As for me, I shut my eyes as tight as they will go, for I know from experience that never has the "Dirty Boy" of Pears' soap received a more vigorous cleansing than is in store for me. And so it proves. Up and down, to and fro, now on my back and now on my face, I receive such a soaping as would make the hardest-handed of nurses envious. At length the Old Man is satisfied, and feeling the splash of water on my head and shoulders, I open my eyes cautiously and find him looking at me with the impersonal and critical inspection of the artist at his handiwork.

"Naemun", he mumbles, with an air which says plainly that if there is anything left of me it is only through his clemency.

"Allah enam alek", I answer, and he goes to seek fresh victims.

Immersion in a tank follows, the water hot to bearing point, then once more do I mount my clogs and click-clack into the Beyt-owwal, where an attendant gives me new lamps for old, dry towels for wet. A door is opened and I find myself once more in the lofty Meslakh with its four daises, its long divans, its spread of coloured cloths, its silk-bemuffled, languid figures. Hardly have my feet touched the dais when an attendant has whipped off my towels and clad me in fresh robes—no towels these, but drapings of silk of a delicate yellow, the beautiful colour of old gold. He motions me to my divan, and as I sink luxuriously upon it, covers me with yet another robe, and winds a silken cloth turban-wise around my forehead, lest my august head should in any wise catch cold. Turning my head to my neighbour on the next divan I murmur "Naemun". "Allah enam alek", he murmurs drowsily back; this being not a prelude to conversation—the Gods of Silence forbid at such a time—but merely the etiquette of the hammam. I sink back into my divan, and lo! a narghileh and a cup of fragrant tea are at my elbow.

And now I am travelling slowly on the road to Nirvana. Ay, Nirvana!—for not by any Western word can one conjure up a vision of perfect rest. Nirvana, where "there is neither good nor evil, pleasure nor pain, but only Brahman". No pleasure, that is, by your restless standards of Europe, by which, forsooth, one must be ever *doing* something to acquire happiness—fighting or making money, sinning or triumphing over evil, ever stirring amid a stirring crowd. But by other and subtler standards I am here wrapped round in the very essence of enjoyment. I have a pleasant sense of lassitude in my limbs, a drowsy sense of detachment in all my being. Not under the heavy hand of sleep do I—as one temporarily dead—pass the long hours all unconscious of my bliss; not in the glare of wakefulness is my cosmos caught up in the thousand eddies of the fierce stream of existence, but somewhere between sleeping and waking—as Mohammed's coffin hung between earth and heaven—I drowse with half-shut eyes. How softly the fountain croons to itself, how bravely flash its upward jets which turn to a hundred falling raindrops; how rich the silken hues, how restful the muffled figures joined with me in the mute companionship of rest, how perfect the silence which fills the lofty emptiness.

I draw sleepily at the mouthpiece of my narghileh. With a little murmur of protest the smoke leaves the glass bowl, passes through the water, through the long sinuous stem, until it finds its goal deep down in my lungs, thence—leaving added peace behind it—is puffed slowly forth in spiral clouds. I sip my tea, and at the moment it is as nectar fit for the gods . . . and I, too, am as a god. . . .

"Here where the world is quiet,
Here where all trouble seems
Dead winds and spent waves riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams."

Free from the Wheel of Life, utterly free . . . how fast and furious it spins!—and so far and so unconnected am I that I can see it spin calm and unmoved. For it has nothing that can move me a whit. Nor hate nor love, nor greed nor anxious ambition. If there is aught of reality about me it is not of these, but of the deep silence, the gentle crooning of the fountain, the soft coverings which enfold my sleepy limbs.

Far across the Meslakh I see a figure reclining enwrapped in silk, a silken kerchief wrapped turban-wise around his head. The figure pleases my eye; it seems to embody the perfect atmosphere of rest in which my being is. I raise the stem of my narghileh to my mouth—the figure does the same. I draw the smoke far into my lungs, and let the stem fall. Not otherwise the figure. I look hard at it. It grows familiar. With mild surprise I realise that it is none other than myself, transformed by a mirror from my ordinary self of the twentieth century into a figure from the bygone ages—Haroun Al Rasheed, perhaps, leaning on his elbow listening to the words of Sharazada the Fair.

But now the time of my sojourn in Nirvana is drawing swiftly to a close, for not in this world can mortals dwell there save for a fleeting space of time. Nearer and nearer do I drop from my serene heights to where in space the Wheel of Life spins dizzily around; clearer and clearer do I hear the brazen clanging of its uproar. Already I am seized with its vague unrest, gusts of its hurly-burly sweep through my mind. In vain I endeavour to retain my aloofness, my sense of adequateness in merely being, not doing. I move uneasily on my couch. I wish to be up and moving; and at that I know that I am on the Wheel again, on the Wheel where there is no rest but only toil and travel.

It is useless to remain quiescent any longer. Of what profit is it that the body should rest while the spirit frets? So I arise and dress, and far across the Meslakh I see—not Haroun Al Rasheed, but a very ordinary-looking type of the twentieth century. I feel slightly humiliated, shrug my shoulders with a would-be indifference, and pass out into the shouting bazaars.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSOLS AND CAPITAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 September 1910.

SIR,—Consols are at the lowest figure of this generation. Compare the position with that of little more than a decade since. Consols were then bought to pay 2 per cent. At the present moment they yield 3. Counties and towns then raised capital for their requirements at $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Now they can barely obtain it at $3\frac{1}{2}$. Railway debentures and Preferences which stood at 120 are in the 80's. The ordinary stocks have fallen to figures at which they yield 4 to 5 per cent. instead of 3. The differences are the measure of our decadence in capital security.

The fall is generally attributed, more or less, to three causes: (1) the widening of trust investment area; (2) the South African War; (3) doubt as to security.

The first will not account for the depreciation. The difference in the yield is not sufficiently great. The cost of the war has been paid off. Doubt is widespread.

How considerable is the movement of capital is apparent to the business man. He sees signs of it day by day. Nor does the tendency of the movement decrease.

The following are a few of those signs. Many of the companies and firms doing foreign business are accumulating their reserves and surpluses in their foreign branches. Bonds formerly held in English banks are being transferred to banks in other countries. There is an increased demand for bonds to bearer. The increased stamp duties are moving business in loans on full values (Stock Exchange Contangos) to foreign Exchanges. It is a common requirement of clients investing that the investment shall be outside Great Britain.

We have cast aside every financial quality that went to build up, slowly but surely, our financial credit. We have cut into the National Sinking Fund. We are taking slices out of individual capital for national revenue purposes, and accentuating the position, which must, unfortunately, to some extent always obtain, of taxing the thrifty man while the squanderer gets off.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer prides himself on killing whisky by taxation. He can apply the argument to more serious interests with equal truth. Our experimental Government seems to approve. But in their wisdom they are blind to the fact that the man in the street has wisdom. Not, perhaps, so greatly in evidence, but sufficient to enable him to recognise that methods of English legislation and financial administration have changed.

Yours obediently,
C. J. ANDERSON.

"NOT KNOWN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bank Chambers, Church End, Finchley N.
28 September 1910.

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George's advice to owners to put "not known" against any items the particulars of which are not easily obtainable may place landowners in a false position. For example:

A owns a house 40 feet by 30 feet standing upon a plot of land measuring 100 feet frontage by 200 feet deep, in a suburban street where similar adjoining houses let at £55 per annum. The deeds contain a covenant "to erect one dwelling-house only, and no additions or outbuildings are to be erected on the plot". If A enters "not known" upon Form 4, sec. p., the Government valuer will value the whole of the 100 feet (free of restrictions and therefore probably suitable for the erection of several houses) at, say, £5 per foot, thus (ignoring the total value for the time being) arriving at the assessable site value of £500. Had the restriction been inserted, the assessable site value would probably have been put at £200. This difference may affect the owner A considerably, especially when one bears in mind Mr. Ure's recent speech regarding taxation in future upon assessable site values.

Will Mr. Lloyd George recompense an owner who through following his advice has landed himself in the serious position of having an original site value of £500 for ever instead of one of £200?

Yours faithfully,
ERNEST RUSS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue,
London W.C., 28 September 1910.

SIR,—Believe me, I am no despicable traitor to the Unionist cause. Still less do I object to epigrammatic flashes of humour in the SATURDAY REVIEW. On the contrary, when your mordant satirist, in a moment of brilliance, styles our political opponents a "Party of Pettifoggers", I chuckle over the bon mot as delightedly as any man. But, to descend from these heights of personal disclaimer to the actual and

zoological point at issue, may not Mr. Lloyd George's victim have been really and truly an adder, and not a blind-worm, as you suggest? Admittedly, the case against it is black. Mr. Lloyd George is a Liberal; worse, he is the Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Welshman. But still, even in his abandoned breast there must lurk somewhere a modicum of that spirit which animates a Tory and an Englishman. Moreover, he was provoked by the rude behaviour of the reptile; his blood was up; he was armed with a stick and the sympathetic encouragement of the Master of Elibank. In these circumstances, may not even he have risen on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things and slain a real adder, in spite of his political heresies? I myself knew a Radical with Socialistic tendencies and strong views on Disestablishment, who had killed a lion.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
DESMOND YOUNG.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 September 1910.

SIR,—The story of Mr. Lloyd George's exploit with a *blind-worm* is growing so popular that it may be as well once for all to state, in reply to many inquirers, that the poet had not our present Chancellor of the Exchequer in his prophetic mind when he wrote how that a certain peripatetic

"— saw a lawyer killing a *vipér*
On a dunghill near his own stable;
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel."

Yours faithfully,
M. B.

DANTE'S TOMB AT RAVENNA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65 Springfield Road, S. John's Wood N.W.
21 September 1910.

SIR,—The Shakespearian epitaph, terminating as it does with "And curst be he that moves my bones", would appeal, I think, to the writer of a recent article in the "*Secolo*", who enters a vigorous protest against the suggestion, made by the advocate Enrico Valdata, that Dante's remains at Ravenna should be invested with a worthier sepulchre. "But why?" writes the protester. "Were it still a hundred thousand times more unlovely, it is Dante's tomb nevertheless, and should not be touched. In all its mean and artistic decorations it stands as a monument of the manner in which, during divers centuries, divers admirers combined to honour the poet's memory. Why wreck this visible tradition? Why destroy it? Any laying of hands on a tomb where the bones of Dante Alighieri are preserved, under pretence of conferring more worthy honours, becomes a profanation. What need of marble? Outward squalor will not quench the reverent remembrance. Guard the tomb, think about it, criticise it if you will, but let it remain! The advocate Valdata, who is recommending such an innovation, is unaware apparently that a national committee for the erection of a mausoleum to Dante in Ravenna has existed for some time past. Giovanni Bovio, Pope Leo, King Humbert, and the republicans of the commune of Ravenna were amongst the first subscribers. But, fortunately, notwithstanding that unanimity, the Italian people maintained a suave indifference, and neither afforded enthusiasm nor money. Let us hope, then, that they will preserve this attitude. Dante has no need of mausoleums. . . . The Ravennese have guarded the poet's body jealously. Beside his tomb are inscribed the names of Mazzini and Giosuè Carducci. They have done all that they ought to do. Nothing more is wanting."

Yours faithfully,
ALGERNON WARREN.

REVIEWS.

PAGAN GODS AND CHRISTIAN SAINTS.

"Greek Saints and their Festivals." By May Hamilton.
Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1910. 5s. net.

THE fasts, feasts and holy days of the Orthodox Church fill two quartos of *Καλεντάριον*. Not a day of the year but has its two, three or four commemorations. Whilst the Latins have one fast of forty days, the Greeks have four; and, as for feasts, there are the three classes of *εορταί δεσποτικαί, θεομητρικαί* and *των άγιων*, subdivided again into Great, Middle and Lesser Days. Of the saints there is an extraordinary number, for canonisation has never been an exclusive honour in the East. If the patriarchs of the Old Testament have received it, so also have the patriarchs of the sixth and seventh centuries, provided, that is, they agreed with the Emperor; if the calendar includes the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets and the noble army of martyrs, it also admits a host of local names whose chief interest is, like the fly in the amber, how they came there. For the curiosity-hunter Eastern hagiography is a veritable mont de piété of odds and ends. Miss Hamilton cares for none of these things; she has no intention of doing for the East what the Bollandists and Alban Butler have done for the West. Her book is a study in mythology, not in hagiography; Greek saints and their festivals only interest her so far as they throw light upon some primitive belief or pre-Christian ceremony. But although ritual that is exclusively Christian has no attraction for her, she should not call the Greek Liturgy the Mass or imply that the Orthodox Church is a Protestant sect.

Even on her own ground she shows a strange want of sympathy with her subject. For three years she has been collecting material amongst the peasants of Greece and Italy, but instead of rejoicing that she has found so much, she holds up her hands in shocked horror that the people should be so superstitious; "the miscellaneous examples given in the last chapter"—this is how she ends her book—"will suggest to the reader how great an influence the antiquity of Greece still has over the modern Greek, how superstition continues to obstruct the progress of education, trade and general enlightenment, and how the whole mode of life is affected by a wilful fostering of ancient traditions". If her object is a scientific study of Greek folklore, why should she bring in platitudes of this kind? They are all the more annoying as the book is in other respects an excellent one. Its inspiration seems to have come from Mr. J. G. Frazer, who declared in his "*Golden Bough*" that in any study of primitive Aryan religion the superstitious beliefs of living peasants are worth more than all the testimony of ancient books. Acting upon this principle, Miss Hamilton has brought to light many curious survivals of primitive beliefs amongst the Greek peasants. Many of them can have changed but little during the last two thousand years; even the advent of Christianity meant little more than a change of name. The Pantheon became the temple of the Christian Virgin, and Christian feasts were superimposed upon pagan festivals. Sometimes no doubt it was by chance that Christian and pagan holy days fell on the same day. But could it, for example, have been by chance that S. John the Baptist's day and the great festival of Midsummer were both appointed for 24 June? If chance it was, it was a curious coincidence, and made the more curious by the monks of S. John's monastery in Babylon who on 24 June floated S. John's head on the river just as on 24 June the priests of Byblos had floated the head of the summer god Adonis on the sea. However it came about, the result was the same. Christian saints and Christian festivals became confused with pagan gods and pagan celebrations. When the Christian saint had in addition a Greek god's name, or a name like it, the confusion was worse confounded.

Dionysius the saint was sure to be credited with the attributes of Dionysus the god, S. Demetrius certain to

inherit the traditions of Demeter, S. Elias to be half Helios, half Elijah. There is no need to imagine that the Church invented fabulous persons for the express purpose of appropriating pagan cults. Saints have been invented, San Espedito in Italy and San Viar in Spain, for instance, but in nine cases out of ten it is much simpler to believe that Christian saints who actually existed became confused with the gods whose names were so much like their own. The opposite process of paganism appropriating something that was essentially Christian is not so common. An example is found in the celebrations of Palm Sunday. The palm branches are obviously Christian; but in Samos they have come to be identified with the switches used in pre-Christian rites for producing fertility amongst men and animals.

No doubt in making the most of existing beliefs the Church laid itself open to criticism, but it is difficult to see what other course it could have adopted; if it had tried to pull down every temple and to stamp out every tradition it must have stirred up overwhelming opposition on all sides. Surely it was better advised to follow Gregory the Great's advice to Bishop Mellitus and to make what use it could of what it found. People were much more likely to go to church if they were asked to enter a building in which they had worshipped for generations and to keep fasts and feasts when the dates had always been days of obligation. Even if some of these holy days have remained more pagan than Christian, there is no harm in most of them, and great reluctance should always be shown in extinguishing religious beliefs and customs. When the people at Kaisariani were waiting on Ascension Day for the appearance of the miraculous dove, and the priest had whispered "Let out the Holy Spirit", a voice was heard from within: "The cat has eaten it". The fraud was discovered. Whether anyone was the better for its discovery is another matter; the cat may have eaten many true beliefs for one false one. Thousands of Greek peasants go every year to the places of pilgrimage. Are they in course of time to be disillusioned? Their loss will be something more than spiritual, for there are many of them, and of us too, who can only be physically cured by Lourdes or Loreto or Tenos. No doubt they are superstitious. So were the seamen of the Peiræus who refused to end a strike upon satisfactory terms because they had sworn by S. Nicholas not to yield. But who are we to cast a stone?

A MILITARY SCAPEGOAT.

"The Story of the Life and Services of Sir William Forbes Gatacre K.C.B., D.S.O. 1843-1906." By Beatrix Gatacre. London: Murray. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

WHEN a distinguished soldier incurs the censure of his superiors and is removed from his command in war-time the appearance soon after his death of the story of his life is usually unfortunate. Inevitably it rakes up past, if not forgotten, controversies, while many of those who were concerned in the events narrated are still alive and ready to reply. Thus is sorrow for his loss exacerbated. Yet in Gatacre's case, where a man has been harshly treated without opportunity to defend himself, the true story of his life is the only possible defence of his memory. Lady Gatacre's biography of her husband is of this nature, and having read it most carefully, together with the official history of the war in South Africa, we consider that, in fairness to the memory of Gatacre, the book is not only justifiable but necessary.

General Gatacre will be known not for his many and admirable services but for his share in what are known as the Stormberg disaster and Reddersburg surrender in South Africa and his subsequent removal from his command in consequence of Reddersburg. It is due therefore to his memory to examine these events most critically, as it is they and they alone that have been the subject of military censure.

The defeat at Stormberg was of itself a small matter,

but happening as it did in the same week as the deplorable fiasco at Colenso and the muddle at Magersfontein, it excited deep and bitter feelings. The main facts are not contested: a night attack was planned and failed, partly owing to sheer ill-luck but also, as Gatacre himself admitted, to defective leading.

But Reddersburg was another matter; here the fault lay with those above Gatacre; and the official history of the war proves that Gatacre was most undeservedly censured and unjustly punished. The official history has been blamed as a "colourless" affair, deficient in criticism. This we hold to be high praise; but an unthinking and unreasoning public is so accustomed to highly spiced criticisms by amateur warriors and journalists, such as abound in the "Times" History of the War, that a book which simply records facts and leaves them to speak for themselves is voted "dull". The facts are these: Lord Roberts, elated at the capture of Cronjé, and misled by the reports that there was "no fight left" in the Boers, elected on 15 March 1900 to consider that the end of the war was in sight, exactly as in the following November he elected, doubtless with equally good faith but with equally bad judgment, to report that "the war was at an end". It was in pursuance of this error that he sent out various small columns without adequate supports to remote points with the intention, as he telegraphed to the War Office a week later, "to register the names" of surrendering Boers and "to take over arms". Among these small columns were 300 men sent to Sannah's Post, the waterworks, twenty-one miles from Bloemfontein, and 1700 men, under French, to a point twenty-one miles beyond. This last force was, of course, not intended to fight battles forty miles away from any supporting infantry, but to publish Lord Roberts' proclamation and collect arms. A few days later he directed Gatacre to send a small force to Smithfield "to give the Boers an opportunity to surrender and deliver up their arms". With his approval this force, which marched on the 20th, consisted of a battalion of infantry, a battery and a few mounted infantry. Six days later (on the 26th) he ordered Brabant, who was under Gatacre's orders at Aliwal North, to push on fifty miles N.E. of Smithfield to Wepener, and take on with him Gatacre's mounted infantry from Smithfield. The next day he ordered a battalion of infantry and a brigade division of artillery who were with Gatacre to join him at Bloemfontein, thus reducing Gatacre's available force to two battalions, two batteries, and a few mounted infantry. The same day Gatacre received a report that the Boers were at Modder Poort, a point near Ladybrand, about forty-five miles from Sannah's Post, and the same distance from Wepener, and telegraphed to headquarters expressing his anxiety about the troops at Wepener. To this Lord Roberts replied "he did not anticipate danger"; but next day (28 March) he sent a telegram to Gatacre. This telegram is one which merits the most careful attention, inasmuch as the message received by Gatacre, a true copy of which is quoted in this book, differs materially from the version given by Lord Roberts when he gave his reasons for dismissing General Gatacre in a dispatch to the War Office on 16 April 1900.

The message Gatacre received was as follows: "If you should have enough troops at your disposal I should wish you to occupy Dewetsdorp will make road from here to Maseru safe preventing enemy's forces from using telegraph lines to the south let me know what you can do to this end." Gatacre read it that if he could occupy Dewetsdorp, Lord Roberts would make the road from "here" (Bloemfontein) to Maseru safe. His reasons for thus mentally interpolating an "I" are patent, and will appeal to everybody who has a map in front of him. In fact, Gatacre read it as an order to send a detachment to Dewetsdorp for the same purposes and under the same conditions as the one sent by Lord Roberts' order to Wepener on the 26th, two days earlier, a point twenty-five miles beyond Dewetsdorp and far more isolated, and this on the reasonable assumption that Lord Roberts with 34,000 men, which included three brigades of cavalry, at Bloemfontein,

could and would make any necessary arrangements for the general strategic security of the detachments sent out by Gatacre. Also, both Dewetsdorp and Wepener were much nearer to Lord Roberts at Bloemfontein than to Gatacre at Springfontein.

The difference between the telegram received by Gatacre and that sent by Lord Roberts does not hinge on the assumption alone that "I" was erroneously understood by Gatacre. In the revised version quoted by Lord Roberts "it would" stands instead of "will", the words "from here" are omitted, and there are other minor alterations, so that the telegram runs as follows: "I should like you to occupy Dewetsdorp. It would make the road to Maseru safe, and prevent the enemy from using the telegraph line to the south. Let me know what you can do to this end." This makes the message read very differently in the two versions. In the first, the road from Bloemfontein (here) to Maseru is distinctly referred to. In the second "the road to Maseru" might mean some road leading from Gatacre's detachments to that point. Gatacre replied to this telegram on the same day, giving all his dispositions and proposed movements on Wepener, Boschman's Kop, Dewetsdorp, Helvetia, and Smithfield. Since Lord Roberts did not reply to this he reasonably assumed that his dispositions were approved, and it is clear that at the time they were approved. Gatacre now sent three companies to Dewetsdorp to support the other detachments thrown out afar by Lord Roberts' orders and with his approval, and on the 30th telegraphed that he had done so. And now comes the climax.

On Saturday, 31 March, Roberts telegraphs that the Boers are near Ladybrand in force (as reported by Gatacre on the 27th, four days earlier), and that Brabant at Wepener should be "reinforced and supported". Later in the day he orders a battalion and a battery to protect his line at a point eight miles south of his headquarters, thereby leaving Gatacre no infantry available save one battalion engaged in guarding the railway line. Very late the same night Gatacre received from Roberts information of the serious reverse at Sannah's Post some twelve hours earlier and only thirty miles distant from his advanced detachments. Who was responsible for this delay does not appear, since we do not know the hour when Lord Roberts sent off his telegram. At any rate, it was not received until near midnight. With this telegram came orders to "draw in all outlying forces"; with the warning that "Dewetsdorp is too far advanced for security". Gatacre immediately endeavoured to draw in his widely scattered detachments, but some were eighty miles distant, and before he could draw them in the detachment at Reddersburg was surrounded, and the more distant one at Wepener cut off and blockaded. The Reddersburg detachment ignominiously capitulated after losing ten killed and thirty-five wounded out of 591. Gatacre, moving to their relief, was within an hour's march when the surrender was made.

For this last misfortune—for misfortune it was pure and simple—Gatacre was summarily removed from his command a week later and sent home in disgrace. But it is clear to all who read the official history that the disaster at Sannah's Post and the humiliation at Reddersburg were due to Lord Roberts and Lord Roberts alone, who, with the fatal optimism begot of the Cronjé incident, elected to make dispositions which, in the words of the official account, "were not merely inadequate, they were altogether inappropriate" (p. 305). His "proclamation detachments" were alike too weak to fight and incapable of being supported. They were totally unsuited to the military situation created by the proximity of De Wet and his 13,000 highly mobile fighting men within easy striking distance. General Gatacre was responsible for the minor reverse of Stormberg, but for the serious disaster of Reddersburg it is impossible for honest inquiry to reach any other conclusion than that Gatacre was made a scapegoat for Lord Roberts.

BEASTS OF REASON.

"Life-Histories of Northern Animals." By E. Thompson Seton. London: Constable. 1910. 2 vols. £3 13s. 6d.

IN the ears of the public Mr. Thompson Seton has a wrong reputation. He is known chiefly as a writer of "animal stories", some admirable, some extravagantly written, all a little spoiled by the uncongenial blending of fact and fiction. But the real Mr. Seton is an enthusiastic man of science. He has done good work in anatomy, and knows perhaps more than anyone of the peculiarities of structure in American rodents. He holds the title, sounding curiously in English ears, of Official Naturalist to the Province of Manitoba, and these two volumes are officially a history of Manitoba mammals. Happily the province is an epitome of Canada, and the book is complete for inland Canada. His official position has given Mr. Seton rare opportunities as traveller, hunter, naturalist and collector of information. From every point of view he is the right man to do for Canada what Mr. Millais has done for British mammals. The likenesses between the two authors need not be laboured, but a cardinal virtue that they both possess is an ability to catch attitude and to reproduce it. Both naturalists are capable artists with a love of truth. It may be added that both men are English.

The scheme of the life-histories is ingenious. Mr. Seton has elaborated some thirty heads of classification, including such points as morality, commensalism, amusements, longevity, and a reference in each chapter to this scheme discloses at any rate the gaps in present knowledge. How many naturalists know well the "tracks" of the animals they may be most familiar with or their "means of communication"? Sometimes the method leads to fanciful interpretation and to psychological confusion; but Mr. Seton is more than a Darwinian in his belief that other animals are but lesser man, and therefore, like him, more or less moral and reasonable. Insistence on the point is the weakness of his method, leading him to false analogies; and yet in compensation he has certainly a gift of penetrative interpretation, and the importance attached to the senses of animals is all to the good.

In discussing the larger animals, the grizzlies, the wapiti, the buffalo and the rest, the work is in the main a valuable compilation. American buffalo have dropped in numbers from an estimated 20,000 in 1850 to a bare 2000 to-day, and generally in respect of the bigger game, which grow shyer of man each year of the era of the modern gun, observation becomes more difficult as time goes on and past records cannot be transcended. The caribou is an exception. In an admirable chapter on this reindeer (of which, incidentally it may be noted, the Newfoundland variety is increasing) Mr. Seton, as official naturalist, can give authentic information of the immense success of the domestication of vast herds in Alaska, where they may be said to have brought new prosperity to a whole region. It is curious that in his allusion to the success of Dr. Grenfell's importation into Labrador he does not allude to the failure to extend that herd into Newfoundland. Indeed, one desires much incidental information rigidly kept out by the thesis. How, for instance, is the experiment of introducing yaks into Canada progressing? These useful animals were recently imported, with the help of the Duke of Bedford, at Mr. Seton's suggestion, and seem likely to be a valuable addition to the country.

Judged as a contribution to science, the most valuable parts of the work are the life-histories of the mice and voles. To the investigation of their structure and habit a vast amount of the closest study has been given, and some species have not previously been studied at all. The Drummond vole is one of this class, and it has a special interest for Mr. Seton, who is an ultra-Darwinian, to whom the likenesses of like creatures, from mice to men, are more apparent than the differences. The conclusion of the description of this vole is a good example of Mr. Seton's point of interest. "Its village with many streets is apparently a communistic society."

The storehouses are believed to be common property. The frequent midden-heaps are a fairly good solution of the sanitary question. The species is not known to mate; probably the sexes live in promiscuity, and in winter the young are guaranteed a living by the common storehouses. This is a condition of affairs fulfilling the ideal of some Socialists, but we are forced to remember that they are the lowest rank of mammal intelligence, they are the spoiled of all spoilers; that their population is periodically swept away by obscure causes or by disease, and that but for their enormous fecundity they would not long continue in existence." It is a theme worthy of development that monogamy is one of the secrets of success in the struggle for life. Some time ago the idea was admirably worked out in a monthly review, and Mr. Seton gives many instances that may be taken to support the view. He points out that among birds the pigeons as a family and among quadrupeds the Canidae are families which are spreading and can hold their own against all rivals, including man. Both these are strictly monogamous. The deer supply further examples, though the genus is not promising from the theoretic point of view. One would say a priori that the fight for the possession of the females, as witnessed among the wapiti, is the very finest method of ensuring inheritance from a lusty sire. But it remains that the most successful of all the Canadian deer is the Whitetail, which is least polygamous, and the Elk, the most polygamous, is the first to disappear.

The beaver is strictly monogamous, and perhaps a reason why monogamy and success in racial competition go together is that monogamy is associated with growing intelligence. The wisest, not the strongest, survive. Argument for the intelligence of the beaver has never been more plausibly deployed than in Mr. Seton's account, illustrated by many admirable plans. We have all wondered at the perfection of beaver dams and their skill in felling trees, but it is certainly true that the canals with series of locks show higher intelligence if not such skilled workmanship. The longest examined by Mr. Seton was 654 feet long. The summing up of the argument for intelligence sounds as if it was meant for the Scotch professor whose life-work was the demonstration of "the emergence of will-reason". The canals, writes Mr. Seton, "are the obvious result of a plan adhered to from the beginning. They are made at the cost of enormous labour extending over years, and are kept in repair only by unremitting toil and attention. They are unquestionably made for the purpose of reaching the feeding-ground without a dangerous overland journey and to assist in the transportation of the heavier sticks used when storing winter food. That is to say, the canals are made for precisely the same reason as those made by man for the easy transportation of passengers and freight".

Perhaps this thesis is forced in some few passages, but the observation is faithful and close, and the writer of animal "stories" or popular lectures makes no appearance in this product of official work, which should give some fruitful suggestions even to our own incomparable naturalists.

MR. HEWLETT'S TRILOGY.

"Rest Harrow." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan. 1910. 6s.

THE last volume of Mr. Hewlett's trilogy illustrates the risks a novelist runs by living too long with the same people. This is the third book in which we are assisted to follow the adventures of Mr. Jack Senhouse and to renew our acquaintance with characters which appeared in "Halfway House" and "Open Country". They are all as interesting and admirably shown as ever, but in many ways the historian's delineation does not gain from his familiarity, and we are not made convincingly conscious of the lapse of years. The characters in the story with which we are unfamiliar are impressed with the greater vitality, and though it is true that in dealing with hero and heroine

we are presented with an altered point of view, the alteration is by no means an elucidation, and the process of its evolution is impossible to follow. One is even led to wonder if it could be the pressure of public opinion which was responsible for the conclusion, which, after an obdurate defiance of the conventions on either side for more than eight years, offers us a picture of the submissive rebels accepting, like the tamest citizen, the offices of the registrar or of the Church. Senhouse, who, we are told, "had, with the purest intentions, broken all the laws of society", seems in the final chapter to have set himself to mend them with a rather cheap cement. Years before, he had fallen in love with Sanchia Percival, and his theories and his practice had assisted her to be the mistress of a man who was unworthy to whitewash the little shrine in which Senhouse worshipped her. One found this worship all very well in "Open Country", since it appeared symptomatic of a certain aridity in temperament from which Senhouse suffered; but when we discovered our hero carrying off another kind of woman to be his mistress, and living with her for some time in a spasmodic fashion, we were compelled to place a different value on his previous hesitation. "Rest Harrow" opens with their return from Continental wanderings, more or less together, and introduces Senhouse to the knowledge that the goddess of his earlier years, whom the later allegiance has not displaced from his heart, lies in grievous need of him, a need which every instinct urges him to supply. But Mary Germain is able to make a still stronger appeal to the physical side of him; and after she has "squeezed the very fibres of him, sucked him apparently dry of human juices, even of the zest to live", she marries an old admirer, leaving Senhouse to build himself a hut upon the desolate downs and occupy himself planting flowers and preaching sermons to the hares. For years he lived there, his habitation unknown to his nearest friends, and from that solitude he emerges at the end of the volume with his mild worship of Sanchia grown to a consuming flame, and his conceptions as to the dishonour of marriage wholly evaporated.

Now, without disputing whether such an evolution be or be not consistent with the nature of such a man, it is so directly contrary to the operation of nature generally that it demands a much more intimate survey than the author has given it. If Mr. Hewlett has ever known a man who could cultivate at the same time an intimacy with hares and a burning human passion he has been exceptionally fortunate, and his fortune deserves a fuller description than he has given it here. Experience, recorded and personal, seems to prove that all animals, and the shyer in particular, reserve their confidence for the minds that are unpossessed by the great uneasiness of the passions. And if such solitude and such communion as Senhouse enjoyed for so many years can feed a human flame and at the same time aid this unhuman companionship, the wonder is too great to be consigned to Mr. Hewlett's pregnant allusiveness. It would be more wonderful even than the hero's conversion from his antipathy to marriage. Sanchia's case is only less difficult because a woman may remain credible though she becomes inexplicable. How long Sanchia was Ingram's mistress we are not told, but she was his housekeeper for eight years. For eight years she was defiant of and indifferent to the world's opinion; then, in a month or two, she became, for no reason, so cowed by it that she agreed to marry the man she abhorred. In making such a queer piece of psychology acceptable the author completely fails. If this be Sanchia, one can but regret the hours spent with Senhouse at her shrine. This very commonplace young woman who conceals her lack of vital courage by spelling "destiny" with a big D! Eight years, indeed, have changed her, but not in the direction we were assisted to expect.

The failure in the book of which we are most conscious is this way it has of covering up the tracks of its characters. It deals with tremendous issues, but there is scarcely a vibration on any page. It is all most deftly done, a rich sense of comedy throughout pervades it, he

must be a dull man who fails to read it to a finish; yet one is always conscious of a regret that a perfection of manner seems to have been preferred to vitality, and of a sentiment that it is time Mr. Hewlett endured at least a temporary separation from his old friends.

THE POTTERY CONNOISSEUR.

"British Pottery Marks." By G. Woolliscroft Rhead. London: Scott, Greenwood. 1910. 7s. 6d. net.

WHEN a collector has to discharge the office of a reviewer he naturally turns to those sections of the book before him which deal with his pet subjects. The alphabetical arrangement of Mr. Rhead's volume facilitates such reference. We begin with Adams, that is William Adams, of Greengates in Tunstall, perhaps the most successful of all the potters who followed Josiah Wedgwood in producing jasper ware. If Wedgwood had not invented the peculiar body which he called jasper there would have been no similar product from the potworks of William Adams, but though an imitation it was not slavish in form and decoration. There are four pages devoted to the marks on wares turned out by many firms connected with the Adams family, the history being carried down to the present day. The early marks are rare and merely stamped in capitals on a few pieces—these are not given in absolute facsimile; the later and less interesting marks were more elaborate and were sometimes transfer-printed on the glaze. But our author does not give names and marks only, he embodies many useful data as to the various potters and potteries recorded in his list. In fact the three hundred pages of this volume constitute a kind of encyclopædia of English pottery, not a mere dictionary of names and marks. We must not linger over the letter "A", but should like to point out the useful page (page 13) of anchor marks, where foreign examples are placed beside the English. Here a closer adherence to the actual sizes and range of sizes in the anchors used on old Chelsea porcelain would have been advisable; indeed for precise details as to Chelsea anchor-marks, impressed and painted, recourse must be had to the plates in Mr. William Burton's "English Porcelain". The name of "Doulton" next arrests us; here fourteen marks are given, but we miss the incised initials of Hannah Barlow, George Tinworth and all the other Lambeth artists; while mention should have been made of the dates given with the marks between the years 1873 and 1880, but afterwards discontinued. Elers comes next in our choice, with sixteen marks, some of which may belong to his fabrique and some to his followers, such as the elder Astbury. Most of these marks are found on red-ware specimens in the collection of Dr. J. W. L. Glaisher.

The recognition thirty years ago of the mark belonging to porcelain made at Longton Hall by William Littler is due to the late J. E. Nightingale, of Wilton. Sir A. W. Franks had previously, so early as 1862, described some specimens in his possession as produced at some English factory of unascertained locality. On page 166 there are four examples of the two interlocked "L's" with dots below, for such the mark seems to be; the examples we have met with are smaller and less defined than those here given. Littler's porcelain possesses at least one point of interest in that it was the first made in Staffordshire, its date being somewhere between 1751 or 1752 and 1758. The body and glaze much resemble early Chelsea before the use of bone-ash.

We turn now to the famous name of "Minton". Thomas Minton, the founder of the firm, was born in 1765. He was probably the first porcelain-maker who, at the very close of the eighteenth century, produced a kind of hybrid porcelain, not the true bone-porcelain of Bow, Chelsea and many other early factories, but a mixed body of which the chief constituents were china-clay, china-stone and bone-ash. Minton's early mark is shown, in rather too heavy a form, on page 180. Mr. Rhead, however, gives us also a series of Minton's date-marks, between 1842 and 1897, which is now

published, he tells us, for the first time; this series will enable the year of manufacture of the later productions of the firm to be ascertained.

There are several kinds of English pottery which are not marked after the manner of those which have been just considered, but bear inscriptions indicative of the place of manufacture, or of the potter, or of both place and person. Nottingham stoneware, which is salt-glazed, and the lead-glazed slip-wares of Wrotham and of Staffordshire, belong to this group. The earliest-dated piece of Nottingham brown ware is the posset-pot made for Mayor Watkinson in 1700, and now belonging to Mr. C. J. Lomax, but the potworks, which were carried on by a family of the name of Morley, were certainly in operation before that date. We have lately learnt that John Dwight of Fulham included one James Morley of Nottingham in the Chancery action which he began in 1693 to defend his patent-rights for the making of stoneware. The inscriptions on Nottingham stoneware were traced with a point on the clay before firing; they often included, besides the name of the place of manufacture, a precise date; the latest year thus recorded is said to be 1805.

The lead-glazed slip-wares of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries now claim attention. Mr. Rhead gives a good series of legends found on Wrotham pieces (pages 226-230). These often include in relief, besides the place-name and the date, certain initials which probably indicate the maker, but still remain without complete interpretation. We know, however, that the letters "I L" appear on early examples between 1612 and 1636; then between 1650 and 1659 the initials are "G R"; from 1689 to 1717 "I E" is found. But the problem is complicated by the occurrence of a great variety of other initial letters, instead of or associated with those just named. Happily rather more definite knowledge exists as to certain potters in Staffordshire who made important pieces of slip-ware during the last thirty years of the seventeenth century. The best of these pieces are ornate platters of eighteen inches or so across: they must have been made for decorative purposes, not for daily use. The collections of Dr. J. W. L. Glaisher, Mr. L. M. Solon and Mr. Charles J. Lomax are rich in these platters; there is a fine series also in the British Museum. Mr. Rhead supplies three illustrations of these platters from the Glaisher collection; he also gives us a number of signatures, some accompanied with dates; these are found not only upon platters but also upon tygs, posset-pots, cradles and other pieces of this quaint and interesting slip-ware: about a score of these potters' names have been thus recovered, but very little exact information about the majority of them has been hitherto obtained.

A book like Mr. Rhead's must have needed much research; as to nineteenth-century marks and signs it appears to be remarkably comprehensive. A volume embracing so many dates and names cannot be free from errors, but those which we have noted are generally derived from the authors whose writings the compiler has consulted. He perpetuates, for example, the erroneous date of 1737 given as the year in which John Dwight, the celebrated potter of Fulham, died; he was, in fact, buried on 13 October 1703.

NOVELS.

"Jemmy Abercraw." By Bernard Capes. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

Jemmy Abercraw has an historical parallel in an eighteenth-century gentleman of the road, and Mr. Bernard Capes whitewashes him very craftily. We only wish there was more justification for allotting him the title rôle, for he does not appear often enough in the book for our taste. The heroine is Kitty, and exactly the sort of little thing one expects an eighteenth-century Kitty to be; the hero is a strong, silent lord, strong because he is the hero, and silent because he thought he lost caste in the Black Hole of Calcutta. They get married quite early in the story, and of course:

one palpitates with doubt through the next three hundred pages as to whether they will really come together in the end. Of course every reader who knows his Mr. Bernard Capes knows they will do so eventually, and in calm moments may even guess that kind Mr. Abercraw will probably be self-sacrificingly instrumental in aiding them. There is no trueborn Briton but loves Robin Hood, and has a sneaking fondness for a highwayman, and when that highwayman, having thrown two lovers together, dies gallantly with laughter on his lips, what more can anybody want? This, perhaps: that an opportunity may some day occur for Mr. Bernard Capes to write a real novel, and to use the strong sense of character and situation that this book no less than his other romances proves him to possess, on a theme worthy of his powers.

"Forbidden Ground." By Gilbert Watson. London: Heinemann. 1910. 6s.

The scene of this novel is laid in and about a monastery of the Greek Church, amongst precipitous mountains near the confines of Albania. It is a retreat to gain which you have the choice of being drawn up by a windlass or of scaling dizzy ladders, and it makes a picturesque, and, in view of the final catastrophe, a convenient setting for a story which omits few of the staple "sensations" of melodrama. Zetitzka came to Hagios Barlaam disguised as a youth, intending to slay the monk Stephanos, who whilst he was yet in the world had betrayed her. Of course the sight of an ikon of the Virgin stayed her yataghan, or the curtain would have come down too soon; and of course Petros, the youngest of the brethren, took a mighty and unaccountable fancy to the handsome new lay brother. When at length Petros discovered the sex of Angelos he fell in love, and we have once more the spectacle, which must have moved innumerable feminine audiences, of a young man too early vowed to celibacy. But in spite of such well-known coups de théâtre the tale is forcible; and the half-crazy Stephanos, alternately the slave of passion and superstition, is a credible figure.

"Outsiders—and In." By John Ayscough. London: Chatto and Windus. 1910. 6s.

In this volume are included seven stories, all of which have been in print before. The two longest and best are written in a light-comedy vein; two others are little sketches of human derelicts and effective enough in their more sombre way. There is an Indian tale of native sorcery—the teller whereof is carelessly addressed by the other people in it sometimes as Cox and sometimes as Ayscough—but it hardly makes one's flesh creep as it should. The gratuitous originality of the French gentleman in disgrace who committed suicide at Dover (where there are perpendicular cliffs and plenty of deep water) by taking the place of the World's Lion-tamer in a menagerie is more striking than convincing. The remaining story, "Our Lady of Little Cañon", in which a young woman, crowned and robed to take part in a Nativity tableau, stands with a babe in her arms by the deserted deathbed of a Western Magdalen, is prettily conceived, though perhaps it could scarcely avoid seeming slightly theatrical. But tastes differ, and, at any rate, the reader cannot complain of lack of variety.

"The Doctor's Lass." By Edward C. Booth. London: Grant Richards. 1910. 6s.

In outline this story is a simple one. A country doctor, approaching middle-age, solitary and futureless, is beginning to dose himself with too frequent whiskies when the woman he was to have married, and who meanwhile has made an even worse mess of her life than he is promising to make of his, bequeaths to his care her fifteen-year-old daughter. The doctor reluctantly accepts the trust and pulls himself together. The least-experienced novel reader, being told that Jane grows up—like Avicé the Second in Thomas Hardy's tale—into a later edition of what her mother had once been, will surmise without difficulty the ending. It may well be that some writers would have told the story

in something less than 469 pages, but Mr. Booth chooses to work on a large canvas. His manner is leisurely, and obviously with a theme of this sort the psychological developments of a number of years must be dealt with. He will keep the story (and us) waiting a whole chapter whilst he describes a sleepy rustic railway station, the bees and birds that haunt it, the signalman amongst his geraniums, the catastrophic methods of the hobbledehoy porter with passengers' boxes. And we do not mind being kept waiting in the least—with Mr. Booth. His local colour is excellent. He knows that out-of-the-world corner of the East Riding that ends in Spurn Point very well—not alone its physical aspects but the speech and manner of its people—and he can communicate his knowledge picturesquely.

"Lauriston's." By John Oxenham. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

Mr. Oxenham is a bold man, for he takes his hero to see the Battle of Waterloo, and he is not afraid to give us yet another story of English fugitives from France in the days of the Great War. Apart from this, he has hit upon a theme which is one of very great interest—the financial and business side of English life in Napoleon's time. We all know that stocks had their own romance—the episode which ruined Cochrane's career proves that. Unfortunately, Mr. Oxenham does not understand—or pretend to understand—the realities of money-making a century ago. Thus while the story turns on the question whether Lauriston's Bank will pull through its troubles, that question is decided in the background. Sir Charles' dilemma is interesting. On coming into the family business he finds that he must either precipitate a frightful crash—amounting to a national disaster—by acknowledging bankruptcy, or must continue, like his father, to keep things going by judicious malversations of clients' funds in the hope of reaching solvency. So with the rope round his neck this soldier, unwillingly turned banker, struggles on. The adventures of his trusted agent, always scouring the forbidden Continent for news, and coming in for such experiences as the sight of Napoleon's landing from Elba, fill the book with incident. Moreover, Miss Lauriston is a charming girl. Perhaps after all the detailed romance of stockbroking would have made a less readable story.

"The Girl from his Town." By Marie Van Vorst. London: Mills and Boon. 1910. 6s.

He was one of those bright simple young Western Americans who shame our effete civilisation, and, since he was fated to fall to a woman with a past, the only question is whether it is to be an immoral widowed duchess or a non-moral dancing girl who captures his millions. As the dancer had once sold candy in his native town, one perceives that she is really on a higher plane of being than the poor duchess. But one has to be a little esoteric to perceive this, for the girl has not much obvious virtue. All the characters are frankly impossible, with the additional defect of being very silly people. And the womenfolk of the English noblemen—as our author loves to call them—talk pure American.

"Kinsmen's Clay." By Mary Crosbie. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

Heredity and the Irish question are not good material for the construction of a novel, but Miss Crosbie has managed to write an admirable story. She knows and reproduces the life of the Irish country house and the human beings who inhabit it. But her purpose is to write a novel of character, and—so far as the dramatic interest goes—the scene might as well have been laid in almost any other country. She fills the human drama with persons of a certain racial stock because those are the men and women whose temperaments and whose attitude to life she happens to understand best. Unhappily the ordinary novel about Ireland is designed either to prove something or to exhibit to English readers an unfamiliar way of life and speech. Miss Crosbie is distinguished by being neither propagandist, caricaturist nor literary explorer. "The Hand of Ethelberta" is suggested by

one element in the story, the development of a house-keeper's niece into a peeress closely connected with her aunt's employers, but the book moves on original lines. There is the brilliant, ambitious Veronica, who starts by believing social success to be everything and finds that too great a price can be paid for it, and there is "Dan", plucky and vivacious, a girl in whose frail body ends a long pedigree. An invalid who knows that the best things of this life are denied to her, but who steadily refuses to surrender to melancholy because of her heritage of ill-health, Danby Lady Kildonel must secure a place of her own in the memory of even the jaded reader of novels, if only because a girl with real humour is so rare in a book.

"The Affair of the Envelope." By Eirene Wigram. London: Methuen. 1910. 6s.

Miss Wigram does not know her London quite so well as she supposes: the club known as the "In and Out" is not the "Army and Navy", nor are the movements of our fleets directed from Somerset House. But she treats diplomatic affairs far more skilfully than most novelists, though it is slightly irritating to have Constantinople called "Siesta" and the Armenians "Istarians". As, however, the story turns upon the leakage of an important secret from a British Embassy, perhaps fictitious geographical names were inevitable. Lady Margaret Kerrinshaw, daughter of a peer who took a prominent place in the political world, used her knowledge of Siesta, where she had stayed, to write a story called "The Affair of the Envelope". Her object was to arouse sympathy for the Istarian cause, and she modelled her heroine on a lady, half Istarian by blood, who was governess in a palace at Siesta. The envelope in question had been used for a rough map illustrating the terms of a secret treaty. Now it happened that the whole story, in its essentials and many of its details, was true, though Lady Margaret had, by an extraordinary fluke, invented the details which reproduced the facts. A member of our Embassy had indeed drawn a rough map for the half-Istarian lady, who promptly passed it on to our opponents. It will be seen that coincidence is stretched to an amazing extent. The story is vivid, and some of the characters—notably the Delilah and the Samson—are very cleverly developed. But we do not think that in real life everybody in the political world would have been as delighted with Lady Margaret as Cabinet Ministers and the like are in the book when they discover her authorship of the novel.

"Vocation." By Lily Grant Duff. London: Murray. 1910. 6s.

There are two girls in the story—an interesting study. Emily Demerley, beautiful, with keen capacity for enjoyment, is drawn to entry into an Anglican sisterhood. Her cousin Lizzie, suffering from deformity and ill-health, wins her way to success as a painter. The dominant man in the story, a brilliant artist, is in love for a moment with Emily, whose portrait he paints, and almost persuades her to give up her vocation. Also he is deeply interested in his pupil Lizzie, but knows himself too well to let his sympathy turn him into a husband. He is very much what the talented and not very respectable Bohemian of a lady's novel might be expected to be. But Miss Grant Duff is a skilful delineator of feminine character, and all her women are alive, from Lizzie's intolerable mother—selfish and self-pitying—to the girls who work with pathetic futility to learn how to paint. The scenes laid at a German sanatorium where the founder's methods "sound terribly like Christian Science" show that the author has a poetic sense as well as a talent for description.

"Sir George's Objection." By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. London: Nelson. 1910. 2s. net.

Sir George Kerriston, fond father of an only son, had strong views on heredity, and was emphatic on the necessity of a clean family record for his son's bride. The son became engaged to an alluring girl, who lived in Italy with an equally alluring widowed mother. But no particulars could be gleaned as to the young

lady's father. The reader (who might otherwise suppose that the widow had a past) is soon let into the secret, known to only two or three persons, that Mrs. Roberts, as she calls herself, lives in seclusion because her husband had embezzled and had died in prison. The daughter knew nothing. Ought Mrs. Roberts to tell the girl, or young Kerriston, or Sir George? The plot is ingeniously developed, and the incidental characters all have marked individuality. Mrs. Clifford cannot be dull, and here she is more cheerful than in some of her more elaborate work. But Sir George's final decision is brought about by a fact that was a pure accident. We wonder whether the book would have had its present ending had it not been published in a series intended to be popular.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Time and Free Will." By Henri Bergson. Translation by F. L. Pogson. London: Swan Sonnenschein. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

M. Henri Bergson is a writer on philosophy who, at fifty years of age, has attracted the attention of metaphysicians throughout Europe. Mr. Pogson, in a Bibliography attached to his translation, which has been made with all the care of a disciple, gives long lists of English, German, French, and Italian writers who, either in books or in the learned Reviews of Europe, have discussed M. Bergson's treatment of philosophic questions. His principal books are "Essai sur les Données immédiates de la Conscience", which was published in Paris in 1889 and has passed through seven editions; "Matière et Mémoire, Essai sur la Relation du Corps avec l'Esprit"; "Le Rire, Essai sur la Signification du Comique"; and, finally, the work which has given rise to most discussion and presents M. Bergson's ideas in their most significant aspect—"L'Évolution Créatrice", which was published three years ago. All these books have passed through six or seven editions, and this fact shows that M. Bergson attracts not only the special class of professional experts by his matter, but also many cultivated readers by a rare combination of matter and style. The first of the books above mentioned is the one which has been translated by Mr. Pogson with the title of "Time and Free Will". The translation reproduces the remarkable lucidity of thought and expression that distinguish M. Bergson's presentment of a philosophical subject. It will be fairly easy for the educated reader who has any taste for inquiry into questions of man's mental life to follow M. Bergson's extremely interesting discussions. He will have little doubt he understands why M. Bergson holds that the conception of time has been confused with the question of space, with the result that the mental and spiritual life of man is supposed, falsely, to be under the necessity of physical law and to be bound up in one chain of determinism with the material world. Whether the reader allows himself to be convinced is another matter. In philosophy more than in any other subject the test of rival theories seems beyond man's grasp. Hence we suppose Pragmatism. What to us is the chief interest of M. Bergson's philosophical work is that it is an important element in the modern movement towards vitalism, which is showing itself in many varied forms, against the tyranny of a naturalistic interpretation of all the phenomena of life.

"Modern Biology and the Theory of Evolution." By Erich Wasmann S.J. Translated from the 3rd German Edition by A. M. Buchanan. London: Kegan Paul. 1910. 16s. net.

This is a controversial book, openly and avowedly written as an apology for the Christian side of the argument against the monistic views of many men of science which Dr. Wasmann declares to be simply the old materialism. It must be admitted that with a popular exponent of Darwinism such as Haeckel this is substantially true; and in his hands science is presented to non-scientific readers as an attack upon Christian theology. Consequently it would be unreasonable to object to another aspect of the controversy presented by a zoologist of high reputation, as Dr. Wasmann is. One cannot seriously hold that "Cet animal est méchant; quand on l'attaque il se défend". Dr. Wasmann's book has attracted great attention both amongst scientists and the public, Catholic and anti-Catholic, in Germany. It accepts the theory of evolution as against the permanency of species and is supposed to mark a considerable advance in the position of the Church. Dr. Wasmann's view is that it must be accepted if Christianity is to fight on favourable ground. He also accepts Darwinian natural selection as one of the modes by which the evolution has been accomplished. In its other applications, especially as a name for the whole method of cosmic evolution, Dr. Wasmann wages

(Continued on page 432.)

THE LOW PREMIUMS
OF THE
SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

Make its Policies peculiarly suitable as a means of
providing for payment of

ESTATE DUTIES, &c.

Accumulated Funds exceed £14,000,000.

London Office - - No. 3 LOMBARD STREET, E.C.
West End - - No. 17 PALL MALL, S.W.
Head Office - EDINBURGH.

Head Office. Incorporated A.D. 1790.

Governor—
SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK,
K.C.M.G.

ROYAL EXCHANGE
ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Fire, Life, Sea, Accidents, Motor Car, Plate-Glass, Burglary,
Annuities, Employers' Liability, Fidelity Guarantees.
The Corporation is prepared to act as TRUSTEE and EXECUTOR.
Apply for full particulars of all classes of Insurance to the Secretary,
ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages.] ESTABLISHED 1837. [Annuities.

FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000.

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman.
Lord ARTHUR CECIL, Deputy Chairman.

H. J. BRACEY, Esq.
H. E. DUKE, Esq., K.C., M.P.
Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR.
Sir JOHN JARDINE, K.C.L.E., M.P.

WILLIAM MULLER, Esq.
ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S.,
D.Sc.
Rt. Hon. Viscount VALENTIA, C.B.,
M.V.O., M.P.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount
assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at
death thereafter.

Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and on
Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Manager and Secretary.

BRITISH EQUITABLE

ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.

FUNDS EXCEED ... £1,750,000.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL ... £300,000.

PAID-UP CAPITAL... £30,000.

LIFE. FIRE. ACCIDENT.
BURGLARY.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

Write for particulars of Guaranteed Con-
tracts securing a Bonus of £2 per cent.

To the MANAGER, 1, 2 & 3 Queen Street Place, London, E.C.

LIVES. Established 1807. ANNUITIES.
EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

HEAD OFFICE:

79 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

CITY:

41 Threadneedle St., London, E.C.

BRANCHES:

Eagle Insurance Buildings in BIRMINGHAM,
BRISTOL, LEEDS, MANCHESTER.

NEW SERIES OF POLICIES
commencing 1st September, 1910.

APPLY FOR

NEW PROSPECTUS containing
revised and reduced Rates with
liberal conditions.

Advances upon Life Interests, Reversions, and Personal Securities.



Clergy Mutual

Assurance Society, 1829.

OPEN TO THE CLERGY & THEIR RELATIVES.

LOW PREMIUMS. LARGE BONUSES. ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Funds, £4,439,825. Income, £471,089.

Bonuses Divided, £4,256,464.

BONUS YEAR, 1911—All With-Profit Policies in force
on June 1 in that year will share in the Distribution.

Office:—2 & 3 The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.

NO AGENTS EMPLOYED.

NO COMMISSION PAID.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

New Special Features:

GUARANTEED SPECIAL ENDOWMENT SCHEME

with **GUARANTEED BONUSES** on Maturity.

VALUABLE OPTIONS AND **EXCEPTIONAL PRIVILEGES.**

ASSURANCES FOR CHILDREN

WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

Write to General Manager, 66 & 67 CORNHILL, LONDON.

The Empire Guarantee

AND INSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

FIRE. LIFE. ACCIDENT.

PROSPECTUSES ON APPLICATION.

CHIEF OFFICE—247 WEST GEORGE STREET, GLASGOW.
LONDON OFFICE—66-68 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED)

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS - - £75,000,000.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

INDUSTRIAL AND ORDINARY BRANCHES.

Life. Endowments. House Purchase.

Annual Income, £1,265,000. Total Funds, £2,420,000.

Claims Paid, £7,000,000.

Applications for Agency Appointments from gentlemen able to influence good
business are invited.

JNO. A. JEFFERSON, F.I.A., Secretary.

CHIEF OFFICES:—BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

ALLIANCE

ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED £17,000,000.

Chairman:

Right Hon. LORD ROTHSCHILD, G.C.V.O.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE COMPANY EMBRACE
ALL BRANCHES OF INSURANCE.

DEATH DUTIES.—Special forms of Policies have been prepared by
the Company providing for the payment of Death Duties, thus
avoiding the necessity of disturbing investments at a time when
it may be difficult to realise without loss.

INCOME TAX.—Under the provisions of the Act, Income Tax is not
payable on that portion of the Assured's income which is devoted
to the payment of annual premiums on an assurance on his life
or on the life of his wife. Having regard to the amount of the Tax,
this abatement (which is limited to one-sixth of the Assured's
income) is an important advantage to Life Policyholders.

Full particulars of all classes of Insurance, together with Proposal Forms and
Statement of Accounts, may be had on application to any of the Company's Offices
or Agents.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

irreconcilable war against Darwinism. As to the question of origins, whether we must start from a Personal Creator creating life out of matter previously prepared for animal life, or whether we must start, as perhaps the fashionable scientific doctrine is, from a monistic basis with the creative force not distinguished in thought from the cosmos, that is evidently a question of philosophy. Dr. Wasmann and his opponents equally make assumptions, and one is not more scientific than the other, though Dr. Wasmann naturally holds that his is the only one that is valid philosophically. But these are not the only assumptions of the parties. The so-called Darwinians deduce the descent of man through a closely connected chain of animals—beasts, as Dr. Wasmann takes a malicious enjoyment in calling them—from one primitive mono-cellular organism. He shows very convincingly, not from his own arguments only, but from the contradictory views of zoologists, that there are enormous unverified assumptions in all this. On the other hand, his own theory of the creation of several original independent forms within the lines of descent from which the evolution process has been carried on, is quite as unverified. It enables Dr. Wasmann to place man in a distinct line from the "beasts", and this, his critics say, is why he invented his theory. But Dr. Wasmann contends that on purely scientific considerations his theory holds the field. Future science may, or may not, settle the question; it does not do so at present. So much we think Dr. Wasmann may claim. Otherwise, away from these descent questions, and in what relates to ontogeny or individual life processes, Dr. Wasmann's exposition of modern biology is confessed by his critics to be admirable. As a proof that the Jesuit controversialist has not lost his ancient skill in dialectics the book is indubitable.

"British Canals: Problems and Possibilities." By J. E. Palmer. London: Fisher Unwin. 1910.

Mr. Palmer, the author of this book, unfortunately died while it was in the printers' hands; he was therefore unable to revise it by the light of the Royal Commission's Report. Though he differed from the Commission as to the line that should be adopted in attempting to revive water-carriage in this country, holding that the canals should be privately owned and assisted by State funds rather than owned by the State, the reasoning by which Mr. Palmer arrived at his conclusions is much the same as that adopted by the majority of the Commissioners. He was induced to believe (principally by the experience of foreign countries) that English waterways were worth reviving. This appears to have been a generalisation adopted without the data as to expense subsequently furnished by the Commission's engineers. The author does not refer to the remarkable Report on the Waterways of France, Belgium, and Germany, drawn up for the Commission by Mr. W. H. Lindley and published separately. Had he been able to do so he might not improbably have modified some of his views. It is quite clear from this Report that both the physical and economic conditions differ widely abroad from those in England. It is not the canals, but the great natural waterways, of Germany that carry the bulk of the traffic. Mr. Palmer assumed that rapidity of transit was not a necessary element in British trade. Nearly all the experienced witnesses told the Commission that it had become so. Mr. Palmer's statement that the railways originally bought up the canals in order to suppress their competition is not borne out by the Report of the Commissioners. They state that the canals in most cases threatened in early days determined opposition to the railway Bills and practically forced the railway companies to acquire them. The problem of dear freights still remains. There is no evidence that railways in England cannot carry all the traffic required, and the question is whether an elaborate construction of canals at State expense will not be a most unnecessarily costly expedient for lowering freights. The reduction of rates seemed to be the object principally aimed at by the trading witnesses who appeared on behalf of canals. But though impartial consideration will hardly endorse all Mr. Palmer's conclusions, he was evidently a cautious and careful observer, and states his points fairly. He had also clearly devoted much study to the subject, and gives reasons for all his views. His book is the best popular statement we have seen of the canal side of the case.

"The Riders of the Plains." By A. L. Haydon. London: Melrose. 1910. 10s. 6d. net.

The British Empire may be proud of its semi-military police. What the Cape Mounted Rifles were to South Africa, what the Royal Irish Constabulary have been to Ireland, the Royal North-West Mounted Police have been to Canada. Mr. Haydon thinks the time has come when an authoritative history of the North-West Mounted Police should be added to the regimental records of the empire. This book is the result at once of personal knowledge and of a careful study of the

records placed at his disposal by the authorities. The Mounted Police were called into existence in 1873 to deal with the lawlessness of the North-West, in those days a wilderness over which the Red Indian, the prospector, the trapper, and the outlaw roamed more or less at will. No book of adventure could be packed with more stirring incidents than this record of a fearless police in their dealings with the wild men, white skin and dark alike, who had reasons for wishing to stay the onward sweep of civilised government. In the Riel rebellion, in the building of the Canadian Pacific railway, in tracking down desperate criminals, not less than in the patrol work which gives the lonely settler a measure of confidence, the North-West Mounted Police have played a great part in the development of the Dominion. Mr. Haydon's story, written simply and effectively, is a well-deserved tribute to a fine force.

"Trades Unionism and Capitalism." By Charles W. Elliot. London: Putnam. 1910. 4s. net.

Dr. Elliot writes as a partisan. He sets out to show that industry suffers when the trade union has things all its own way. Really Dr. Elliot's thesis hardly requires proof. The trade union exists to bargain with the employer. If the trade union is so powerful that it no longer bargains for fair terms, but dictates absolutely as to the conditions on which the industry shall proceed, we may as well find another name for it. An organisation that regulates absolutely the conditions of employment in its particular trade—hours, wages, number of apprentices, number of journeymen, the amount of work they may do, the quantity of output, the materials to be used, the label to be affixed—stands for the same principle as the trust itself. It is an organisation for monopoly at the expense of the consumer. The consumer can only protect himself against such a highly organised industry by consuming less of its product, or inventing something to take its place. Dr. Elliot, of course, is studying recent developments in America, where the organisation on both sides—of labour and of capital—is more complete than in Britain. We fully admit the evil of too great power either of labour organisations or capitalist combinations. Each should be strong enough to bargain fairly for itself. If either is stronger than this the consumer has to pay. Dr. Elliot is right in regarding the secrecy of trade-unionist proceedings as a blemish. "Capital, which buys and sells fairly, and publishes all its doings, has nothing to fear." Trade unionism, he urges, which has in America abused its power in the past, and is furtive in its action, will soon be brought to a strict account.

"Folk Stories from Southern Nigeria." By Elphinstone Dayrell. London: Longmans. 1910. 4s. 6d. net.

This book may be read with equal profit by anthropologists for its lore concerning the Ju Ju men and the Egbos, and by children for the delight of its "Just So" stories. Bridal Customs, the Ordeal, Cannibalism—there is light upon all these institutions. The tales are especially interesting when compared with the stories we all know so well. The tortoise of these stories is first cousin of Brer Rabbit in the tales of Uncle Remus; and again and again we recognise the familiar turns of the German "Märchen". The horrible savagery of many of the tales does not offend because the cruelties are perpetrated with such good humour. The matter-of-fact way in which a bevy of young women is burnt to death after being pelted with red-hot ashes does not horrify. The tale reminds us, in fact, of Peacock's ballad:

"We made an expedition,
We met an host and quelled it.
We forced a strong position
And killed the men who held it."

It was all in the day's work—neither here nor there. As for the nature stories, you may learn, with much else besides, why the sun and moon are in the sky, why the worm is blind, and why the elephant has such small eyes—all things worth knowing.

Bulb Catalogues, 1910.

Barr's Daffodils seem to include even more new varieties than usual this year. We have seen some of these in flower, and having seen them, do not consider they are by any means over-priced, tall as the figure may seem to the tiro and the uninitiated. Unlike many flowers, the daffodil does not seem to lose any of its first freshness and charm by continual improvement. "Eileen Mitchell" (1907), for instance, pre-eminently the white daffodil, might be a wild flower in its simplicity. Or "Fair Edith", new this year; there is nothing artificial or unnatural about its vigorous beauty.

We are glad to see from Sutton's Catalogue that the fascination of the daffodil is not to be allowed to oust the hyacinth. We cannot do at all without either.

For this Week's Books see pages 434 and 436.



THE new "Fifteen" Argyll is one of the finest moderate-powered cars on the market. The first impression is the remarkable silence of the engine. It is quite inaudible. The next, one is struck by the Car's velvety running. Springs, however well adjusted, would not give such smoothness, and the cause must be sought in the perfect balance of the engine. On its merits the new "Fifteen" is certain to become a favourite with that section of the motoring public who want a car of ample but not excessive power, moderate in upkeep as regards tyres and petrol and easy to handle; this model fulfils all these conditions to the letter.

See for our Illustrated Catalogue 21.

The Argyll car

Head Office and Works—Alexandria, N.B.
Glasgow Showrooms—52-54 Mitchell Street.
London Showrooms—6 Great Marlborough Street, W.

Registered Trade Mark.

Edinburgh Showrooms—16 Sandwick Place.
London Repair Works—11 Guilford St., W.C.

POOLE & LORD

INDIAN AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS,

322 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(NEARLY OPPOSITE BOND STREET.)

INVENTORS OF THE

"Sans-Pils" SHIRT.

Prices from 7s. 6d.

The "SANS-PILS" Shirt is superior to any other for Indian and Colonial wear. Being entirely free from gathers, it is cooler, much stronger, and will bear the Indian mode of washing better than any shirt in use.

A single shirt, or other article, made to measure, and accurate patterns preserved to ensure correctness in the execution of future orders.

Makers of Drawers with Flexible Hip Belt Bands.

"BREECHES CUT."

The Best Nightcap.

Before retiring take a cup of the "ALLENBURYS" DIET which induces restful sleep and nourishes the system. Affords an excellent light repast and is preferable to all alcoholic stimulants. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form. Made in a minute by adding boiling water.

Send 3d. stamps for large sample.
Of all Chemists. 1/6 & 3/- per tin.



ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Lombard Street, London.

Executors, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners who may be desirous of selling Works of Art, Family Jewels, Old Silver, Furniture, Pictures, Prints, Miniatures, China, Coins, Books, Old Lace, Furs, Musical Instruments, Guns, and other Valuables, are informed that Messrs.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S

SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,

are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on Owners' premises in all parts of the United Kingdom are held as required throughout the year. Large Funds available for Mortgages. Valuations for Estate and Legacy Duties. Farm Stock and Timber Sales. Management of Trust Estates and Receiverships undertaken.

THE FIRST NATURE-CURE IN ENGLAND.

BROADLANDS, MEDSTEAD, HANTS.

One hour and forty minutes from Waterloo. Altitude 500 feet. Pure bracing air. An Ideal Holiday for Tired People, With or Without Treatment.

Sun, Air, and Water Baths in one of the most beautiful spots in England, with absolute privacy. Sleeping in Air Huts. Non-Flesh Diet. Golf. Tennis. Croquet.

For Prospectus, apply MANAGER.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—High-class Investments can be made by the purchase and re-sale, at a profit of 30 to 50 per cent., of CITY LOTS and ACREAGE in the Cities of Vancouver and North Vancouver; or on FIRST MORTGAGES at 8 and 9 per cent.—JOHN ALEXANDER & CO., NORTH VANCOUVER, B.C., ESTATE BROKERS. References: The Bank of British North America, Gracechurch Street, London; or Rev. J. Hugh Hooper, St. John's Rectory, North Vancouver, B.C.

TYPEWRITING OF HIGHEST QUALITY.

20d. per 1,000 words. Carbon copies, 3d. per 1,000 words. Duplicating.
NO. 31 DICKINSON, 1 Sackville Gardens, Ilford.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

The ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE

Acts like a charm in
DIARRHOEA and DYSENTERY.
Cuts short all attacks of
SPASMS, HYSTERIA & PALPITATION.
The only Palliative in NEURALGIA,
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE.

Convincing
Medical Testi-
mony with each
bottle.
Of all chemists,
1/12, 2/9, 4/6

The Best Remedy known for
COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

BARR'S BEAUTIFUL HARDY DAFFODILS

GOLD MEDAL THE MOST LOVELY OF ALL SPRING FLOWERS

Awarded 27 Gold Medals and a Ten Guinea Challenge Cup.

BARR'S POPULAR 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS contains 6 Bulbs each of 20 Fine Distinct Varieties suitable for Pot-culture or for the Flower Border. (Half the Collection for 10/6.)

BARR'S WOODLAND 21/- COLLECTION OF DAFFODILS contains 500 Strong Bulbs in 20 Fine Showy Varieties suitable for Naturalising.

Descriptive Catalogue of all the finest Daffodils in Cultivation, Free.

BARR & SONS,

11, 12, & 13 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

REAL HAMBURG GROUND



NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

DO NOT BE PUT OFF WITH SUBSTITUTES.

Black Handle ... 5s. 6d. | A pair Ivory Handles in
Ivory Handle ... 7s. 6d. | Russia Leather Case 21s.
Kropp DUPLEX STROP 7s. 6d. | Kropp Strop Paste ... 6d.

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO., LONDON, W.

AUSTRALIA by ORIENT LINE,

UNDER CONTRACT TO CARRY HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS.

FROM LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY, calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Managers—F. GREEN & CO.: ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO.

Head Offices—FENCHURCH AVENUE, LONDON.

For Passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 28 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISEMENT CONTRACTORS,

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.,

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice, Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

ELY CATHEDRAL.

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.

By W. CUNNINGHAM, D.D., F.B.A.,

Archdeacon of Ely, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Pages xii. + 230. Crown 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d. net. Postage 4d.

Duckworth's New Novels.

"Messrs. Duckworth & Co. have a flair for which they deserve praise. They discover talent. . . . When they publish a book by a new writer, a reader knows that it will be what is called a serious work."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

THE BRASSBOUNDER.

DAVID W. BONE.

[3rd Impression.

Seamen's Life in a Sailing Ship.

SAHIB LOG.

JOHN TRAVERS.

[2nd Impression.

An Inside Picture of Regimental Life in India.

THE SHADOW OF A TITAN.

A. F. WEDGWOOD.

[3rd Impression.

"The work of a man of fine genius and particular gifts. A great story."—*Bookman*.

DUCKWORTH & CO., Covent Garden, London, W.C.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY & AFTER.

OCTOBER.

- THE STORY OF THE OSBORNE CASE. By HAROLD COX.
 THE MISGOVERNMENT OF EGYPT. By Dr. ALFRED J. BUTLER.
 A BUNDLE OF BILLS—AND OWNERSHIP OF LAND. By Sir GILBERT PARKER, M.P.
 FIFTEEN YEARS' WORK IN A FEMALE CONVICT PRISON. By ADELIN DUCHESSE OF BEDFORD.
 TOWARDS EDUCATIONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS. By Dr. CLIFFORD.
 THE HONG-KONG UNIVERSITY. By His Excellency Sir FREDERICK LEGARD, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O. (Governor of Hong-Kong).
 ITALIAN PRINCES AND THEIR GARDENS. By Mrs. ADV (Julia Cartwright).
 THE GENIUS OF GIBBON—II. GIBBON THE HISTORIAN. By the Rev. A. H. T. CLARKE.
 MARRIAGE, DIVORCE, AND EUGENICS. By MONTAGUE CRACKAN-THORPE, K.C.
 THE BITTER CRY OF THE IRISH HOME WORKER. By MARGARET H. IRWIN.
 NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE HAGUE FISHERIES AWARD. By BECKLES WILSON.
 LAST WORDS ON IRELAND. By the late Professor GOLDWIN SMITH.
 THE SILLON. By the Abbé ERNEST DIMNET.
 INDIAN UNREST. By Sir ANDREW FRASER, K.C.S.I. (late Lieut.-Governor of Bengal).
 HOME DEFENCE 'UNREST.' By Colonel LONSDALE HALE.
 LONDON: SPOTTISWOODE & CO. LTD., 5 NEW-STREET SQUARE.

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS. OCTOBER, 1910.

- IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS: A REVIEW OF EVENTS.
 DEFENCE AND FINANCE: COUNTING THE COST. By ARCHIBALD HURD.
 THE AMERICAN WORKING MAN. By POLITICUS.
 THE PROFANED SACRAMENT. By MAURICE HEWLETT.
 SHAKESPEARE IN FAIRYLAND. By CHARLES ZEPHERYTT.
 THE CONUSION OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By SYDNEY BROOKS.
 WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT, O.M. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER.
 1805 AND 1910: NAPOLEON AND THE GERMAN EMPIRE. By CAPTAIN BATTINE.
 A FORGOTTEN SATIRIST, "PETER PINDAR." By LEWIS MELVILLE.
 IMPERIAL COPYRIGHT. By G. HERBERT THRING.
 THE NIGHT THOUGHTS OF ROBERT SCHUMANN. By A. E. KEETON.
 THE NEW HELLENISM. By ARUNDELL ESDAILE.
 SOCIALISM ACCORDING TO WILLIAM MORRIS. By WILLIAM SINCLAIR.
 THE THEATRICAL SITUATION. By WILLIAM ARCHER.
 IN SEARCH OF EGERIA, II. By WALTER LENNARD.
 LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

- Kate Greenaway (With an Introduction. M. H. Spielmann). Black. 2s. 6d. net.
 George Romney (Arthur B. Chamberlain). Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.
 The Furniture Designs of Thomas Sheraton (J. Munro Bell). Gibbings. 15s. net.
 The New Mission of Art: A Study of Idealism in Art (Jean Delville). Griffiths. 7s. 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY

- Pope John the Twenty-third and Master John Hus of Bohemia (Eustace J. Kitts). Constable. 12s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- Captain Ferrercourt's Widow (M. F. Hutchinson). Longmans, Green. 6s.
 Uncle Polperro (Alphonse Courlander). Fisher Unwin. 6s.
 A Dreamer's Tales (Lord Dunsany). Allen. 6s.
 Vanitas: Polite Stories (Vernon Lee). Lane. 6s.
 That Printer of Udell's (Harold Bell Wright), 6s.; Fair Ines (Ethel Turner), 3s. 6d. Hodder and Stoughton.
 The Broken Sword (Mortice Gerard); Anne Kempburn, Truth-seeker (Marguerite Bryant). Heinemann. 6s.
 The Gates: a Study in Prose. Murray. 6s.
 The Stars of Revival (Margam Jones); Miss Gwendoline (L. T. Meade). Long. 6s. each.
 Master of the Vineyard (Myrtle Reed). Putnam. 6s.
 The Great Offender (Vincent Brown). Chapman and Hall. 6s.
 Babes in the Wood: A Romance of the Jungles (B. M. Croker); The Exception (Oliver Onions); The Immortal Charlatan (Robert Elliot). Methuen. 6s. each.
 Rewards and Fairies (Rudyard Kipling); The Devil and the Deep Sea (Rhoda Broughton). Macmillan. 6s. each.
 The Land of his Fathers (A. J. Dawson). Constable. 6s.
 The Osbornes (E. F. Benson). Smith, Elder. 6s.
 Silence, and other Stories (W. H. Lowe), 3s. 6d.; The Stragglers (Mrs. Elizabeth Rebeck); The Last Line (George Ryven). Griffiths. 6s. each.

GIFT BOOKS

- Betty Brooke at School (D. R. Mack), 3s. 6d.; Iolanthe, and other Operas (W. S. Gilbert), 15s. net. Bell.
 Lilac Fairy Book (Edited by Andrew Lang). Longmans, Green. 6s.
 Stories from Hans Andersen (Mrs. Edgar Lucas). Dent. 7s. 6d. net.
 The King who never Died (Dorothy Senior); Psmith in the City: a Sequel to "Mike" (P. G. Wodehouse); The Saints in Story (Mrs. C. R. Peers), 3s. 6d. each. Black.
 The Merry Wives of Windsor (William Shakespeare). Heinemann. 21s. net.

HISTORY

- Springs, Streams, and Spas of London (Alfred Stanley Foord). Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
 The Rose Goddess, and other Sketches of Mystery and Romance (Lady Russell). Longmans, Green. 21s. net.
 The Mother of Parliaments (Harry Graham). Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.
 The Sea-Kings of Crete (Rev. James Baikie). Black. 7s. 6d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS

- A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Edited by Sydney Murray. Vol. IX.) Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 5s.
 A Dictionary of the Characters in the Waverley Novels of Sir Walter Scott (M. F. A. Husband). Routledge. 8s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS

- The Children of the Chapel (Mrs. Disney Leith). Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.
 The Household of the Lafayettes (Edith Sichel). Constable. 5s. net.
 The Utopia of Sir Thomas More (Edited by George Sampson). Bell. 5s. net.
 The Religion of Israel (Alfred Loisy). Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
 William Shakespeare (Edited by Sidney Lee. Vols. IX., X. and XI.). Caxton Publishing Co.
 The French Revolution: a History (Thomas Carlyle. Vols. I. and II.). Chapman and Hall. 21s. net.

(Continued on page 436.)

CLEARANCE SECOND-HAND BOOK CATALOGUE.

25 % DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO., having removed from No. 37 to No. 43 Piccadilly, will send the Three Parts of the above on application.

SECOND EDITION. Price 2s. 6d. net.

CATHOLICISM ON A PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS.

By D. C. NIXON, M. E. UNDERDOWN, and H. CUNLIFFE.

SWAN SONNENSCHN, LONDON.

READY ON TUESDAY NEXT
AT ALL LIBRARIES AND BOOKSHOPS

By the Author of "Nooks and Corners of Old England."

OLD ENGLISH HOUSES:

The Record of a Random Itinerary.

By ALLAN FEA.

With a Frontispiece in Photogravure and over 100
Illustrations in Half-Tone. Demy 8vo. 10/6 net.

EDGAR ALLAN POE:

A Critical Study.

By ARTHUR RANSOME. With a Portrait in
Photogravure. Demy 8vo. 7/6 net.

HIEROGLYPHICS:

A Note upon Ecstasy in Literature.

By ARTHUR MACHEN. A New Issue of a Brilliant
Book. Wide crown 8vo. 5/- net.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE:

A Record and a Criticism.

By P. P. HOWE. A comprehensive survey of its
work in London and elsewhere, interesting all those
who follow with attention the dramatic movements
of the day. Crown 8vo. 2/6 net.

MARTIN SECKER
NUMBER FIVE JOHN STREET
ADELPHI LONDON

Complete Autumn Announcement List post-free on application

SPECIAL ISSUE OF "PUBLIC OPINION"

THE BEST WEEKLY REVIEW OF WHAT
MEN AND WOMEN SAY, DO, AND THINK.

Edited by PERCY L. PARKER. *Twopence Weekly.*

"Public Opinion" begins its fiftieth year on
October 7th next.

The title of "Public Opinion" was suggested by Sir Robert
Peel to George Jacob Holyoake, when he said that "England was
governed by Opinion." It was an immediate success, and won a
big circulation both at home and abroad.

To celebrate this event a Special Number of the
paper will be issued, containing, in addition to all the
usual features, an Eight-page Supplement, at the usual price of
Twopence, with the following specially written articles by some
famous men:—

Sir OLIVER LODGE. On "Fifty Years of Science."

Dr. J. HOLLAND ROSE. On "Fifty Years of History."

RICHARD WHITEING (Author of "No. 5 John Street"). On "Fifty Years
of Journalism."

EDITOR OF THE "HIBBERT JOURNAL" (Prof. L. P. JACKS). On "Fifty
Years of Religious Opinion."

Dr. HAGBERG WRIGHT (Librarian of the London Library). On "Fifty
Years of Literature."

J. A. HOBSON, M.A. On "Fifty Years of Social Progress."

WALTER CRANE. On "Fifty Years of Arts and Crafts."

ORDER AT ONCE.

MR. CARNEGIE and "PUBLIC OPINION."

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, WRITING TO THE EDITOR
FROM SKIBO CASTLE, ON SEPT. 17, 1910, SAID:—

"'PUBLIC OPINION' HAS MADE A GREAT IMPRES-
SION UPON ME. I WOULD NOT NOW MISS IT
FOR A GREAT DEAL."

HOW TO GET "PUBLIC OPINION."

"Public Opinion" can be had of all newsagents and bookstalls at 2d. a
week, or it will be sent for one year in the United Kingdom for 10/10,
Abroad, 13/- This week's issue for 2½d.

A SPECIMEN COPY SENT FREE ANYWHERE.

Address: MANAGER, "PUBLIC OPINION,"
31 and 32 TEMPLE HOUSE, TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

MACMILLAN'S LIST.

Rudyard Kipling's

New Book.

Rewards and Fairies.

With Illustrations by FRANK CRAIG.

Uniform Edition. Red cloth, Extra Crown 8vo. 6s.

Pocket Edition. India Paper, limp leather, Fcap. 8vo. 5s. net.

Edition de Luxe. Hand-made paper, sateen cloth, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
net. [Tuesday.]

LIFE AND LETTERS OF

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN.

By CHARLES L. GRAVES. With Portraits. 8vo. 10s. net.
[Monday.]

VOLS. V. AND VI. JUST PUBLISHED.

A History of the British Army.

By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE. With Maps, 8vo.

Vol. V.—FROM THE RENEWAL OF THE WAR TO THE

EVACUATION OF RIO DE LA PLATA (1803-1807). 18s. net.

Vol. VI.—FROM THE EXPEDITION TO EGYPT, 1807, TO THE

BATTLE OF CORUÑA, JANUARY, 1809. 18s. net.

SECOND IMPRESSION NOW READY.

Lord Kelvin's Early Home: being

the Recollections of his Sister, the late Mrs.

Elizabeth King. Together with some Family Letters

and a Supplementary Chapter by the Editor, ELIZABETH

THOMSON KING. With Illustrations, 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

NEW LIBRARY EDITION.

The Works of Walter Pater.

In Ten Monthly Volumes, 8vo. 7s. 6d. net each.

Vol. VI.—PLATO AND PLATONISM. A Series of
Lectures.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

PIETRO OF SIENA.

A Drama. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. [Tuesday.]

NEW 6s. NOVELS.

Maurice
Hewlett

REST HARROW.

A sequel to "Open Country," which continues
the history of Sanchia Percival and
John Senhouse.

Rhoda
Broughton

The Devil and the Deep Sea.

Alice
Wilson Fox

Hearts and Coronets.

E. M. Sneyd-
Kynnersley

A Snail's Wooing.

The Story of an Alpine Courtship.

The Reaction in Russia.

A Review of Events since the "Bloody

Sunday" of January 1905. 3rd Paper.

The Law, the Courts, and the Prisons.

By GEORGE KENNAN. One of 22 enter-

taining Articles and Stories in the October

CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MACMILLAN & CO., Ltd., London.

The French Revolution.

"This great work details the whole history of the Revolution in excellent perspective."—GLOBE.

"Will become a standard work of reference."

LIVERPOOL POST.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. A Political History. By A. AULARD. Translated from the French of the Third Edition, with a Preface, Notes, and Historical Summaries by BERNARD MIALL. In 4 volumes. Demy 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d. net each. (Inland postage, 5d.)

Madame Royale.

"Few Royal Princesses have endured a life of such stormy vicissitudes as the luckless daughter of Marie Antoinette. Her life is well told in this volume."

DAILY GRAPHIC.

MADAME ROYALE, THE LAST DAUPHINE. By JOSEPH TURQUAN. Edited and Translated by Lady THEODORA DAVIDSON. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 25 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. net. (Inland postage, 5d.)

Seven Great Statesmen.

Studies of the careers of seven great men by a distinguished diplomat. Sarpi, Turgot, Bismarck, Grotius, Stein, Thomasius, and Cavour.

SEVEN GREAT STATESMEN. By the Hon. ANDREW WHITE, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L. Demy 8vo. cloth, 12s. 6d. net. (Inland postage, 5d.)

The Newer Spiritualism.

"It is only by a thoroughly sane, coherent statement of the problem, such as Mr. Podmore has made, that we can hope to get at those facts which are the basis of belief."—DAILY NEWS.

THE NEWER SPIRITUALISM. By FRANK PODMORE. Demy 8vo. 8s. 6d. net. (Inland Postage, 5d.)

Memories of Rugby.

Memories of Rugby under Dr. Arnold, reminiscences of George and Tom Hughes, Dean Bradley, Dr. Arnold's family, and others, and an account of the author's Indian career.

MEMORIES OF RUGBY AND INDIA. By Sir ALEXANDER J. ARBUTHNOT, K.C.S.I., K.I.E. Edited by CONSTANCE LADY ARBUTHNOT. With 16 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. net. (Inland Postage, 5d.)

Spain from Within.

"Anybody who would come to a right comprehension of the crisis in Spain must of necessity read this book."

EVENING STANDARD.

SPAIN FROM WITHIN. By RAFAEL SHAW. With 16 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Inland postage, 5d.)

Problems of To-day.

The author discusses in a brilliant and suggestive way a great variety of modern topics, such as nerves, intemperance of women, the psychology of advertising, books and bookshops.

PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY. By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. (Inland postage, 4d.)

Chats on Autographs.

A practical handbook for collectors by a well-known expert. A new volume in Unwin's "Chats" Series. Send for list of other volumes.

CHATS ON AUTOGRAPHS. By A. M. BROADLEY. With 64 full-page Plates and Illustrations in the text. Large Crown 8vo. 5s. net. (Inland postage, 4d.)

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1 Adelphi Terrace, London.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS—Continued.

THEOLOGY

The Work of Christ (Peter Taylor Forsyth). Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. net.
The Revelation of St. John the Divine (Edgar C. S. Gibson). Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.
Mystics and Saints of Islam (Claud Field). Griffiths. 3s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL

Service and Sport in the Sudan (D. C. E. Comyn). Lane. 12s. 6d. net.
The Old Road (H. Belloc). Constable. 7s. 6d. net.
London (A. R. Hope Moncrieff). Black. 7s. 6d. net.
Letters and Sketches from Northern Nigeria (Martin S. Kisch). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

VERSE

In Faery Lands Forlorn (Alfred Turner). Harrap. 3s. 6d. net.
The Poems of James Ryder Randall (Matthew Page Andrews). Burns and Oates. 3s. 6d. net.
Songs in Time's Despite (James Lewis Milligan). Griffiths. 2s. 6d. net.
The Children's Way (Mrs. P. A. Barnett). Jarrold. 2s. 6d. net.
The Queen of the Fiord (John Cave). Kegan Paul. 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Anthology of the Poetry of the Age of Shakespeare, An (Chosen and Arranged by W. T. Young). Cambridge: At the University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
Catholic Encyclopedia, The (Edited by Charles G. Herbermann. Vol. VIII.). Caxton Publishing Co.
From a Little Town-Garden, and other Sketches (Sybil Cust). Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.
Hand-loom Weaving, Plain and Ornamental (Luther Hooper). Hogg. 6s. net.
Medicine and the Church (Geoffrey Rhodes). Kegan Paul. 6s.
Phases of Evolution and Heredity (David Berry Hart). Rebman. 5s. net.
Plant Life in Alpine Switzerland (E. A. Newell Arber). 7s. 6d. net; The Prevention of Malaria (Ronald Ross), 21s. net. Murray.
Shepherd's Life, A (W. H. Hudson). Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.
Woman and Marriage (Margaret Stephens). Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.—The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d.; The Quest, 2s. 6d.; Cornhill Magazine, 1s.; Scribner's Magazine, 1s.; Harper's, 1s.; Blackwood's, 2s. 6d.; The Contemporary, 2s. 6d.; The Nineteenth Century and After, 2s. 6d.

A BROADSIDE

ABOUT THE "BOOK MONTHLY" AND ITS INCREASING PURPOSE

Being now seven years old and so grown up, the "BOOK MONTHLY" enters upon developments with the October number. It has established itself for its bright literary gossip, its well-informed literary articles, its advance information about books, its beautiful illustrations; in a word, as a magazine with the true, inner knowledge of the book world. In that tradition it goes forward, enlarged in size and, for the benefit of the general reader, made more popular and more practical in contents and style. It retains all its proved features, but it seeks a broader highway of literary usefulness, appealing not only to the bookseller and the librarian, to the publisher and the bookman, but to everybody who reads books, or likes to read about books. For instance, the former mere catalogue of the month's publications is replaced by a selected, annotated list of the chief new books and new editions. If you consult this list and its accompanying snapshot reviews, you will have guidance enough to the current books of real interest and moment. Indeed to read the "BOOK MONTHLY" constantly is to be kept on easy terms with the books and authors of the time, in touch with the literary forces of the hour. It is an instructing, entertaining "guide, philosopher and friend," equally for the reader near the centre of things or far away, and it only costs sixpence a month. You can order it regularly from any bookseller, bookstall or newsagent, or the publishers will send it post free for a year, inland and abroad, for eight shillings.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

P.S.—A copy of the current "BOOK MONTHLY" will be forwarded post free on receipt of 6d.

AUTUMN SEASON 1910-11

MESSRS. HODGSON & CO. beg to announce the **OPENING** of their **AUTUMN SEASON** for the **SALE OF RARE AND VALUABLE BOOKS AND STANDARD WORKS IN ALL BRANCHES OF LITERATURE**. The following Sales are now in course of preparation:

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS from **VARIOUS SOURCES**.—On **TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11**, and **Three Following Days**, at one o'clock, including a Collection of Books on Art, the Property of a Lady; Books of Costume and Coloured Views of English Scenery; Topographical Works; Incunabula and Sixteenth Century Books in Black Letter; the Writings of Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century English Authors; The Writings of Dr. Doran, 23 vols., some illustrations; Jesse's George Selwyn, 4 vols., with A.L.S. from Selwyn; a Collection of Books on Ancient Faiths, Magic and Witchcraft, Psychical Research, &c., the Property of a Gentleman; the Works of Balzac, Gautier, Oscar Wilde, and other modern Authors; Standard Works in History, Political Economy, Travel, Science, and General Literature; Statistical Society's Publications from 1839 to 1888, Palmer's Index to the "Times," &c.

VALUABLE MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.—On **WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12**, and **Two Following Days**, comprising a Collection of Genealogical and Antiquarian Works from the Library of a Gentleman (deceased); Westall and Owen's Picturesque Tour of the Thames; Ackermann's Cambridge University, 2 vols., and other Books with coloured plates; Books Illustrated by Ronaldson, Cruikshank, "Phiz," Leech, and others; First editions of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens; a Collection of Works of Natural History, comprising Books on Ornithology, Lepidoptera, Zoology, and Botany, also sets of the Microscopical and Geological Societies' Publications, &c.

VALUABLE LAW BOOKS.—At the **END** of **OCTOBER**, including the Library of the late W. Russell Griffiths, L.L.B. (removed from the Temple) and other Properties, comprising a Set of the Law Reports in all the Courts from 1865 to 1905, 340 vols., half calf, and a Series from 1899 to 1910, 70 vols.; a Series of the Law Journal Reports; a selection of recent Text-books, &c., also handsome Walnut and Mahogany Bookcases, Knee-hole Writing Tables, and other Library and Office Furniture.

RARE AND VALUABLE BOOKS.—During **NOVEMBER**, comprising several scarce Tracts relating to America, including Lederer's Discoveries from Virginia to West Carolina, with the Original Map, 1672; Hamor's Present State of Virginia, 1615; Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia, 1610; Johnson's Nova Britannia, 1609; Raleigh's Empire of Guiana, 1595; and Harcourt's Voyage to Guiana, 1613; Purchas, His Pilgrimes, first edition, 5 vols., 1624; Rare Books in Old English Literature; Seventeenth Century French Illustrated Books in old morocco bindings, &c.

MESSRS. HODGSON & CO., will be pleased to forward regularly **CATALOGUES** of **ALL** their **SALES** to those interested in acquisition of Books. Facilities are afforded to all classes of Bookbuyers and Collectors. Commissions executed for those unable to attend the Sales, and Purchases packed and forwarded.

Auction Rooms, 115 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

Telegrams, "Bookhood, London." Telephone, 7,391 Central.

NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the **SATURDAY REVIEW** are:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
One Year ...	1 8 2	1 10 4
Half Year ...	0 14 1	0 15 2
Quarter Year ...	0 7 1	0 7 7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, **SATURDAY REVIEW** Offices, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

**Vol. I. (460 pages with full Index),
NOW READY.**

Price **6/-** net, post free, inland, **6/6**; abroad, **7/-**

THE RUBBER WORLD

Containing many special articles of interest to
the Planter, the Manufacturer,
the Investor, and the Financier.

FOURTEEN VALUATIONS OF RUBBER SHARES.

By **H. E. STANLEY JEVONS.**

THE FIRST PART OF THE WHOLE ART OF RUBBER PLANTING.

By **W. WICHERLEY, F.R.H.S.**

**ORDER THROUGH YOUR BOOKSELLER OR DIRECT
FROM THE OFFICE.**

This week's number of **THE RUBBER WORLD** contains articles on West African Enterprise, the French Congo, Rubber Planting, special Market Reports, Company Meetings, &c.

Weekly ONE PENNY. 6 months, post free, 3/3; abroad, 4/4

10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

SIXTY-FIRST REPORT OF

THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED

(YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO).

Presented to the Shareholders at the **HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING**, held at the Head Office, Yokohama, on Saturday, 10th September, 1910.

CAPITAL PAID UP...Yen 24,000,000 | **RESERVE FUNDS**...Yen 16,600,000.

PRESIDENT.—**BARON KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI.**

DIRECTORS.—**NAGATANE SOMA, Esq.** **RIVEMON KIMURA, Esq.** **YUKI YAMAKAWA, Esq.** **VISCOUNT YATARO MISHIMA.**
HYOKICHI BEKKEY, Esq. **KOKICHI SONODA, Esq.**
ROKURO HARA, Esq. **MASNOKE ODAGIRI, Esq.** **TCHUNOSUKE KAWASHIMA, Esq.**

AUDITORS.—**YASUNORI ASADA, Esq.** **TAMIZO WAKAO, Esq.**

BRANCHES.—An'ung-Hsien, Bombay, Changchun, Dalren (Daly), Hankow, Hong Kong, Honolulu, Kobe, Liao Yang, London, Lyons, Fengtien (Mukden), Nagasaki, Newchwang, New York, Osaka, Peking, Ryajun (Port Arthur), San Francisco, Shanghai, Tientsin, Tokio.

HEAD OFFICE.—**YOKOHAMA.**

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.

GENTLEMEN.—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and of the Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ended 30th June, 1910.

The gross profits of the Bank for the past half-year, including Yen 1,167,427⁰⁰ brought forward from last account, amount to Yen 13,054,235¹¹, of which Yen 10,101,058⁰⁰ have been deducted for interests, taxes, current expenses, rebate on bills current, bad and doubtful debts, bonus for officers and clerks, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 2,953,177¹¹ for appropriation.

The Directors now propose that Yen 350,000⁰⁰ be added to the reserve fund, and recommend a dividend at the rate of twelve per cent, per annum, which will absorb Yen 1,400,000⁰⁰.

The balance Yen 1,753,177¹¹ will be carried forward to the credit of next account.

Head Office, Yokohama, 10th September, 1910.

BARON KOREKIYO TAKAHASHI, Chairman.

LIABILITIES.	Y.	BALANCE SHEET.	Y.	30th June, 1910.	
				ASSETS.	Y.
Capital (paid up)	24,000,000 ⁰⁰	Cash Account—			
Reserve Funds	16,250,000 ⁰⁰	In Hand	14,181,623 ¹⁰		
Reserve for Doubtful Debts	605,636 ¹⁰	At Bankers	8,784,552 ¹⁰		
Notes in Circulation	3,612,781 ¹⁰	Investments in Public Securities		22,966,175 ⁰⁰	
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.)	114,423,252 ¹¹	Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.		14,266,190 ⁰¹	
Bills Payable, Bills Rediscounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank	66,711,166 ¹⁰	Bills Receivable and other Sums due to the Bank		65,255,412 ¹⁰	
Dividends Unclaimed	6,918 ⁰⁰	Builion and Foreign Money		121,105,742 ¹⁰	
Amount brought forward from last Account	1,167,427 ⁰⁰	Bank's Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.		1,513,086 ⁰⁰	
Net Profit for the past Half-year	1,753,177 ¹¹			3,384,298 ¹⁰	
	Yen 228,573,809 ¹⁸				Yen 228,573,809 ¹⁸

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Y.	Y.
To Interests, Taxes, Current Expenses, Rebate on Bill's Current, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Bonus for Officers and Clerks, &c.	10,101,058 ⁰⁰
To Reserve Fund	350,000 ⁰⁰
To Dividend — (Yen 6 ⁰⁰ per Share for 240,000 Shares)	1,440,000 ⁰⁰
To Balance carried forward to next Account	1,753,177 ¹¹
	Yen 13,054,235 ¹¹
	Y.
By Balance brought forward 31st December, 1909	1,167,427 ⁰⁰
By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 30th June, 1910	11,886,808 ⁴¹
	Yen 13,054,235 ¹¹

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, comparing them with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and have found them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and have found them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

YASUNORI ASADA, AUDITORS.
TAMIZO WAKAO,

Ancient Myths & Legends.

30s.
the
Set.



First
payment
6s.

**FOUR FASCINATING VOLUMES, VALUABLE TO TEACHERS,
A BOON TO MINISTERS, DEEPLY INTERESTING TO ALL.**

- 1. Myths of Greece and Rome.**
- 2. Myths of the Norsemen.**
- 3. Myths and Legends of the Middle Ages.**
- 4. Hero Myths and Legends of the British Race.**

LOW IN PRICE BUT HIGH IN MERIT.

There is knowledge, and more than knowledge, to be obtained from these immortal stories. The myths and legends handed down to us, and here collected into four fine volumes, reveal the thoughts of the most remote generations. Science may clothe with flesh the dry bones of primitive man, but those stories which he loved reveal his very soul. They show what ideals inspired him, what religious beliefs he held, and what measure of spirituality he possessed.

The utility of these volumes to all interested in folk-lore is obvious. Hitherto the materials for this study were only to be found scattered through many books and ancient MSS., but these four volumes bring within the easy reach, even of the general reader, a veritable storehouse of classical lore, well arranged and indexed, and provided with an exhaustive Glossary.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS have been made a particular feature of these valuable volumes. *Sixty-four* are included in each book, and they represent the work of some of the most famous artists of this and other countries.

Each volume contains 416 pages of large readable type. The volumes are bound in extra cloth, gilt top, and measure 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

SPECIAL ORDER.

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
34-5 Southampton Street,
Strand, London, W.C.

Please send me one complete set of **THE FAMOUS "MYTHS" SERIES**, complete in four volumes, as advertised in the *Saturday Review*. I enclose 6s., and agree to send the sum of 4s. every month for six months to complete purchase.

Name.....

Address.....

S.R.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE.

MR. BANISTER FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A., will give a Course of twenty-four Lectures on "ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE" at the **BRITISH MUSEUM** on Tuesdays, commencing October 4, at 4.30 P.M.

Also a Course of twenty-four Lectures on "MEDIÆVAL ARCHITECTURE" at the **VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM** on Mondays, commencing October 3, at 5 P.M.

These Lectures will be illustrated by lantern slides, diagrams, photographs and models, and will appeal to the general public as well as the professional student. The objects in the Museums will be explained in the Class held after each lecture.

Full particulars from Miss GAUDET, 120 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

UNIVERSITY HALL OF RESIDENCE, CHELSEA.

WARDEN: Prof. Patrick Geddes. VISITOR: The Principal, University of London.

For Students attending LONDON UNIVERSITY this Hall offers the advantages of comfortable lodging with companionship of fellow-Students and Graduates, and replaces the solitary conditions of ordinary lodgings.

For terms and particulars apply to the SECRETARY.

CHARING CROSS CONVALESCENT HOME, LIMPSFIELD; SURREY.

Men and women needing rest and change received at this most beautifully situated and bracing Home.

No infectious nor Consumptive cases admitted.

Charges, 12s. 6d. per week. There are also cubicles for women at 1 guinea a week. Return railway tickets from London for a month, 2s.; fly fare, 1s. 6d. Apply, by letter, to the MATRON.

"SATURDAY" BRIDGE

is admitted to be the Standard book on the Game. It is the leading Bridge Authority, and takes its name from the "SATURDAY REVIEW," in which its chapters appeared.

Of all Booksellers 5s. net, or post free 5s. 3d., direct from the Office.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Sport
Society
Drama

THE
BYSTANDER

Politics
Literature
Fiction

SIXPENCE. Every Tuesday.

THE BEST OF THE LIGHT ILLUSTRATED WEEKLIES.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

TERSE AND TRUTHFUL CRITICISM.

"WORLDLY" SHORT STORIES.

SPORT: a Speciality. GOLF, HUNTING, LAWN TENNIS.

. You do not only glance at "THE BYSTANDER," you READ it. It is Unique, Sparkling, Daring, Original.

Published by the Proprietors of the "GRAPHIC," Tallis House, Tallis Street, E.C.

THE

"ARMY & NAVY CHRONICLE"

(Established January 1900. Reconstituted January 1905.)

The only Illustrated Record of Monthly Events in the Army and Navy, the Territorial Forces, and the Naval Reserves, in existence.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, which can commence with any number, 8/6 per annum, post free.

The "ARMY & NAVY CHRONICLE" is published on the Second or Third Friday of each month, in time to catch the Indian and Colonial Mails.

It can be ordered through any Newsgent, or will be sent direct from the Office if required.

A Specimen Copy, Scale of Charges for Advertisements, &c., will be sent on receipt of Eightpence-halfpenny, addressed to THE MANAGER, Offices of the ARMY & NAVY CHRONICLE (Department R.S.), 111 Jermyn Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

NOW READY.

New and Cheaper Edition.

MEMORIES OF GARDENS.

By ALEX. INNES SHAND.

With a Memoir by Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

Two charming Plates in Colours.
Two Portraits and other Illustrations.

The Scotsman says: "Lovers of nature and of sport will welcome a new and cheaper edition of A. Innes Shand's 'Memories of Gardens.' Mr. Shand was one of our best and most lucid writers on these subjects. The book is beautifully illustrated and clearly printed. It is in every sense an artistic production."

All who love gossip about old-world travel, waterways, gardens, fashions, and sport should secure a copy of the New and Cheaper Edition of

MEMORIES OF GARDENS.

3s. 6d. net. Originally published at 10s. 6d. net.

A delightful gift-book. The New Edition in all except the cover is practically identical with the old, and is one-third the price.

Order of your bookseller, or direct from the Office,
3s. 10d. post free.

THE WEST STRAND PUBLISHING CO.,
10 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS.

"Nothing better could be wished for."—British Weekly.

"Far superior to ordinary guides."—Daily Chronicle.

Visitors to London (and Residents) should use

DARLINGTON'S

"Very emphatically tops them all."—Daily Graphic.

LONDON

"A brilliant book."—Times.

"Particularly good."—Academy

AND By E. C. COOK and
E. T. COOK, M.A.

5th Edition Revised, 6s.
30 Maps and Plans.
80 Illustrations.

ENVIRONS.

"The best handbook to London ever issued."—Liverpool Daily Post.

60 Illus. Maps and Plans, 5s.

100 Illus. Maps and Plans, 5s.

NORTH WALES.

DEVON AND CORNWALL.

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2s. 6d.

NORTH DEVON AND NORTH CORNWALL

50 Illustrations, 6 Maps, 2s. 6d.

SOUTH DEVON AND SOUTH CORNWALL.

1/- THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD.

A Handbook to the Leading Hotels throughout the World.

Visitors to Edinburgh, Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, St. Leonards, Worthing, Bournemouth, Exeter, Torquay, Paignton, Exmouth, Sidmouth, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Dartmoor, Exmoor, Falmouth, The Lizard, Penzance, Land's End, Scilly Isles, St. Ives, Newquay, Tintagel, Clovelly, Ilfracombe, Lynton, Minehead, Bideford, Wye Valley, Severn Valley, Bath, Weston-super-Mare, Malvern, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Llandrindod, Brecon, Ross, Tintern, Llangollen, Aberystwyth, Towyn, Barmouth, Dolgelly, Harlech, Criccieth, Pwllheli, Llandudno, Rhyl, Conway, Colwyn Bay, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan, Bangor, Carnarvon, Beddgelert, Snowdon, Festiniog, Trefriw, Bettws-y-Coed, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Norfolk Broads, Isle of Wight, and Channel Islands should use

DARLINGTON'S HANDBOOKS, 1/- each.

Post free from Darlington & Co., Llangollen.

LLANGOLLEN: DARLINGTON & CO.

LONDON: SIMPKINS.

PARIS and NEW YORK: BRENTANO'S.

The Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

MR. LANE'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

JUNGLE BY-WAYS IN INDIA:

Leaves from the Notebook of a Sportsman and a Naturalist.

By E. P. STEDDING, I.F.S., F.Z.S., F.R.G.S. With upwards of 100 Illustrations by the Author and others. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. [Just out.]

"The book is as instructive as it is entertaining, and should prove of great value to the novice anxious to tread in the author's footsteps." OUTLOOK.

SERVICE AND SPORT IN THE SUDAN

A Record of Administration in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

With some Intervals of Sport and Travel. By D. C. E. FF. COMYN, F.R.G.S. (late of the Black Watch). With 16 Full-page Illustrations and 3 Maps, demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

CHARLES DE BOURBON, CONSTABLE OF FRANCE:

"THE GREAT CONDOTTIERE."

By CHRISTOPHER HARE. With a Photogravure Frontispiece and 16 other Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

"The great qualities of this remarkable man are admirably narrated in Mr. Hare's book. It is no mere example of clever apologetics, but a most capable study of the Constable's career and character."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

PETER THE CRUEL:

The Life of the Notorious Don Pedro of Spain, together with an Account of his Relations with the Famous Maria de Padilla.

By EDWARD STORER. Many Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net. [Just out.]

CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK, Author of "The House of the Vampire," "A Game at Love," &c. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

"To a style half pungent and paradoxical as any Nietzsche he joins a vein of half cynical tenderness which in its amorous passages is strongly reminiscent of Heine."—NATION.

ON LIFE AND LETTERS

By ANATOLE FRANCE. 6s. [1st Series now ready.]

VANITAS

Polite Stories, including the hitherto Unpublished Story entitled "A Frivolous Conversion." By VERNON LEE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE SPHINX

By OSCAR WILDE. A Poem. Uniform with "Salome." 2s. 6d. net. Cover Design by CHARLES RICKETTS. Preface by ROBERT ROSS. [New Edition.]

Latest 6s. Novels.

MY BROTHER THE KING

By EDWARD H. COOPER, Author of "Wyemarke and the Fairies," "Mr. Blake of Newmarket," &c.

BELLCROFT PRIORY

A Romance. By W. BOURNE COOKE, Author of "Madame Domino," "Her Faithful Knight," &c.

THE HAND OF THE NORTH

By MARION FOX, Author of "The Seven Nights."

[Shortly.]

THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO STREET, W.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS LIST.

By the Author of "THE ROSARY."

THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE

By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s.

Mrs. Barclay's new novel is another delightful love story told with all the charm and sweetness which won for "The Rosary" (now in its 16th Impression) its place in the front rank of recent fiction.

THE ROSARY

By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY, Author of "The Wheels of Time." Sixteenth Impression. Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

"Jane Champion is one of the most lovable heroines that have ever stepped into the pages of a novel. . . . 'The Rosary' has wit as well as grace." Pall Mall Gazette.

THE WHEELS OF TIME

By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 1s. net.

"The only fault one can find with the story is that it is far too short." Yorkshire Evening Post.

"An honest little story and well written."—Times.
"One of the most charmingly touching and truly pathetic stories we have met with for some time."—Northern Whig.

*. Send for "Mrs. Barclay's Booklet."

MYRTLE REED'S NEW NOVEL.

THE MASTER OF THE VINEYARD

By MYRTLE REED, Author of "Old Rose and Silver," &c. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, gilt top, 6s.

A beautiful love story that arouses to the fullest extent the reader's interest for those who seem to have missed their destiny of living and loving, but who, in the end, triumphantly achieve the mastery of life and the fulfilment of love.

OLD ROSE AND SILVER

By MYRTLE REED, Author of "Lavender and Old Lace," &c. Third Impression. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, gilt top, uncut edges, 6s.

"Miss Reed writes with an old-world *pot-pourri* kind of perfume about her work . . . it is all very delicate and dainty."—Daily Chronicle.

*. Send for the Myrtle Reed Booklet.

THE LADY

By EMILY JAMES PUTNAM (Mrs. G. H. Putnam). With 32 Illustrations. 8vo. cloth extra, 10s. 6d. net.

A series of studies, scholarly as well as entertaining, of the woman of social position from the Greek days to the Twentieth Century.

ROOSEVELT'S EUROPEAN AND AFRICAN ADDRESSES

Delivered during the year 1910. With introductory material by LAWRENCE ABBOT. Crown 8vo. cloth.

This volume contains the Guildhall Address, The Romanes Lecture, and the other important speeches made by Mr. Roosevelt on his recent tour. Mr. Abbot gives the inside history of the preparation and delivery of the addresses.

THE TARIFF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

By Prof. F. W. TAUSSIG. Revised and Enlarged Edition, containing an additional chapter discussing present tariff legislation. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s. net.

CATHEDRALS AND CLOISTERS OF THE ISLE OF FRANCE

By ELISE WHITLOCK ROSE and VIDA HUNT FRANCIS, Authors of "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France," "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Midland France." With Map, and 4 Photogravure and 200 other Illustrations from original photographs. 2 vols. 8vo. cloth extra, gilt tops, 21s. net.

ROMANCE OF IMPERIAL ROME

By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY, Author of "Romance of Italian Villas," "Feudal Châteaux," &c. With Photogravure and other Illustrations. 8vo. cloth extra, gilt top, 15s. net.

Contents: Sulpicia—The Song of the Siren—The Loves of Horace—The Villa of Unhappy Love—The Flight of Apollo—The Nameless Pedestal—A Kid of the Goats—A Dog of Britain—The Necklace of Vesta.

"BADSWORTH"

The Principles of Auction Bridge, with the Latest Developments and the Laws of the Game; with Cases and Decisions by the Committee of the Portland Club. Reviewed and Explained by "BADSWORTH." 16mo. cloth extra, 3s. 6d. net.

New Catalogue and Announcement List now ready.

24 BEDFORD ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.